UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1149.

Original Poetry.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

A year since I have seen thee,
Another eye we meet;
And a new path of passion
Each treads with flying feet.
We have forgot each other,
We live and think apart.
And I, for one, would never
Recall the olden heart

The rivers yet are flowing
In partial grief alone,
But they have ceased to murmur,
And hushed their plaintive tone.
There is a wail at evening
That sinks before the moon,
That comes with starlight music,
And passes by as soon.

A year has freed my spirit,
And I have learned to think
The sorrows of life are dearest,
And sweetest where we drink
We might have loved and trusted,
But when affection dies
Be silent and forgetting
The bosom where it lies.

Original Tales.

TRANSLATED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE BASHAW OF BUDA.

Founded on Fact.

CONTINUED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HENRY FISCHOKKE.

BY DR. H. SCHOLL.

CHAPTER IX.

No one at La Sarras had the least idea of the affections which had sprung up between Helen and Cugny, still less that in the short space of two weeks an engagement should have been entered into for life. Their conduct when together was the same on the day of departure as when they first met, so entire a command had they over their feelings. Oliver himself had not the slightest suspicion of what was passing, but, on the contrary, as Helen was more tender in her manner towards him after the departure of his friend, he fancied that this change was owing to the opening up of an affection for him. He was not aware that the object in being often in his society soon not only from his friendship to Cugny, but that she could bear him converse about him.

The parents of Helen became restless when they saw the intimacy which had arisen between her and Oliver, and wished him a thousand miles from La Sarras. Their negociations with De Asperlin had gone too far to recall, and they were eager to see her fill the enviable station of the Lady of Bavoia. They made De Asperlin acquainted with their fears, and entreated him to come to La Sarras, he did so, and was welcomed to their house as their future son-in-law.

It was curious to see the first meeting between Oliver and his rival, for they off—and not to have met before. Helen was not only cold in her manner towards him, but treated him with contempt and insult notwithstanding the entreaties and reproaches of her parents. But De Asperlin, selfish in every thing, cared little for the scornful and refractory behaviour of his future bride, he told her parents that when the marriage ceremony had passed, all this would disappear. This being their opinion likewise, they were so obstinate as she was perverse, but nowithstanding her reluctance, her tears, and her vehemence, she was formally betrothed to De Asperlin, and as his bride elect, had to receive, as was the custom, the congratulations of her friends and relatives.

Oliver appeared the greatest sufferer; he swore to sacrifice every thing to save her from so cruel a fate. he even asked her in a fit of despair whether he should assist Julius to bear them from the marriage by force. He told her that he would get De Asperlin out of the way either by stratagem, or by reviving an old quarrel.

She answered him in a manner that surprised him, for she said in a quiet gentle tone, that it was not worth while. Fortune, she observed, has her whims, and in a duel with that man, you might receive the death you intended for him.

He certainly had more reasons than one to be surprised, for since the day of betrothment, a change had taken place, observable by all, and perceived by her parents with pleasure. She was not more tender in her manner than before, but she observed the decencies of her situation, and accepted the most costly presents from the bridegroom. He was only too happy if, in return for the rich pearls and diamonds, he was allowed to kiss the tips of her fingers. She would now listen to the preparations for her wedding without a shudder, and objected to nothing except haste. She postponed the day from time to time, which De Asperlin did not object to, as the alterations in his castle were not quite completed.

Oliver cursed all women kind, for he never dreamed that a girl of Helen's character could change her whole nature in so short a time. La Sarras had no attraction, and he only remained a few days longer to please his parents. His visits to Helen were at an end, for he was no longer received by her parents with pleasure, and although she still showed the same friendliness of manner towards him, yet this gave him more uneasiness than joy.

CHAPTER X.

His surprise, therefore, was very great, when Helen one day drew him aside, and begged him to meet her that evening in the little garden behind the house precisely at nine o'clock.

Whatever might have been his feelings toward her, he did not fail to be on the spot at the appointed hour. Helen soon appeared, and leading him to an arbour, took his hand saying—" Dear Oliver, you have often sworn to sacrifice every thing for my happiness."

" And I shall keep my oath, Helen—try me, at your command I will leap into the very jaws of death!"

" Well, then, Oliver, I have tell you that I never intend to be the wife of De Asperlin."

" Why, then," said Oliver in surprise, " why did you suffer yourself to be betrothed!"

" Let us not speak of that now, but listen. My parents are sacrificing me without pity to a man I hate, and all this on account of wealth which I despise. I have now no parents, and am alone in the world, and must act for myself. The marriage with which I am threatened is, if I remain, unavoidable, so to-morrow I intend to leave La Sarras forever. I have friends in France who will receive me, and some property and jewels which were at my own disposal, were transported to their care more than a week ago—will you accompany me there!"

Astonished as Oliver was, he gave his willing assent, and she shed tears of joy at his readiness to be of some service to her. She begged him to send one of his servants in advance with a led horse for her. He followed her directions in all things, took leave of his parents by letter, under pretence of wishing to spare himself and them the pain of saying farewell, and that, having sent on his baggage by the groom, he rode forward to the place appointed. Here he found his servant with the horse for Helen, and exactly at ten o'clock he was at the gate of La Sarras where he was joined by Helen. She was dressed as a groom, and then assisting her on the horse they went off at a rapid pace.

At the break of day they found the men in attendance as he had directed, with fresh horses, they mounted in haste and proceeded as rapidly as before. Towards evening they reached a narrow alley, Oliver would have preferred going on still further, but Helen found herself so fatigued, that it was impossible to proceed. They were obliged to carry her into the house, and as soon as she had partaken of supper retired to her chamber which was on the ground floor.

As to Oliver he also was very much fatigued, for he had passed two sleepless nights, so after giving strict orders to be in readiness to depart at day break, he threw himself on the bed without taking off his clothes, and placing his pistols and sword near him, he was soon in a sound sleep.

At the first dawn of day he was called up by his servant, and finding that the horses had been fed and were ready to start, he went himself to Helen's chamber and knocked at the door. As there was no answer he knocked again and again, calling on her, but to his surprise and alarm he heard no sound. The people of the house feared that the young gentleman, as they called Helen, was too ill to speak, and Oliver himself began to have the same fears. He therefore burst open the door, and to his dismay found the room empty. The bed had the appearance of some one's having lain down on the coverlid, but there was no trace of dress or any thing belonging to Helen. He was half distracted, but it was impossible to conjecture what had become of her, a window was half open, through which she must undoubtedly have passed, but with whom had she gone. Could it be possible that De Asperlin had followed closely, and had carried her off by force?

The landlord and his family asserted that they had neither seen nor heard any one, nor had a horse or wagon passed their door. Every place was searched for the fugitive but in vain, and Oliver was nearly deprived of reason when he considered how much in need of his assistance she might now be. His suspicions rested upon De Asperlin, who had, he presumed, after preventing her cries from being heard, dragged her through the window, where a horse must have been in waiting.

This being the most reasonable supposition, he returned to La Sarras, inquiring of every one whether such persons as he described had been seen, but there was no trace of them. The second day, when near La Sarras, he saw several persons on horseback galloping towards him. The foremost one rode up closely, and waved in hand, cried out, " Villain, robber as you are, I demand satisfaction, for, curse Bashaw, for you have stolen my bride!"

It was De Asperlin, who jumped from his horse and his servants being all armed surrounded Oliver and his two men. Oliver without further parley also alighted, and drawing his sword, De Asperlin attacked him. The fight was not of long continuance, for De Asperlin fell mortally wounded, and his cowardly, affrighted servants fled.

Oliver knelt down by the dying man and said, " wretched creature, the ' Bashaw' has punished you for the many wrongs and injuries you have inflicted on him. Why have you thus persecuted an innocent man? And above all, what have you done with Helen!"

" My blood be upon your head," cried De Asperlin, " it is you who know where she new is, return her to her parents, or you shall die under the hands of the executioner."

" Do not depart this life," said Oliver, " with a falsehood on your lips, tell me where she is to be found and I will forgive you."

" I tell you that I know nothing of her—call my servants to aid me for I am dying."

The man, who had no ventured back again, were closely questioned by Oliver, but he soon found that it was true as De Asperlin stated, that they were really in pursuit of her. Leaving De Asperlin to their care, Oliver again mounted his horse, and returned to the valley wherein Helen had so strangely disappeared. He late conquered the assistance of Julius, and with no better success than before; and he therefore was compelled to consult his own safety by leaving Switzerland. He would be known as the one who had slain De Asperlin, and who had carried off a lady, so that to avoid falling into the hands of justice he left the country, hastening as quickly as possible over the Rhine and rejoining his regiment.

CHAPTER XI.

All that happened to him during his absence from duty appeared like a dream; and when several years had passed and he heard nothing of Helen's marvellous fate, this dream also faded away. He had often written to his friends, but they were as ignorant about her as himself; but as it perceived, he really loved Helen passionately, it was a long time before her image could be erased. It had this effect, however, he never loved again,—for no woman, in his opinion, could ever compare with Helen of La Sarras.

After his parents died, he never turned his thoughts to La Sarras,—there was nothing there to interest him, but much to dread, for the families of Helen and De Asperlin still thirsted for revenge. He was content, therefore, to remain in the army, and of course, to continue a bachelor; while his sole aspirations were for some new campaign.

The continued disturbances in Transylvania and Hungary, as well as the love of conquest in the Turks, soon gave him the long desired opportunity of battle. In the year 1663, the Turkish grand Vizier, the brave and prudent Achmet Kiuperli, entered Hungary at the head of 140,000 men. The Hungarians, discontented with the Austrian government, made but a faint show of resistance. They only granted to the Emperor a supply of 20,000 men, but as the Imperial army itself amounted to no more than the same number, it was no wonder that the Turks kept advancing from Presburgh to Moravia. In their victorious career, they took captive forty thousand Christians, who were thus condemned to slavery. The Emperor Leopold, in this distress, made a strong appeal to the Germans, to the Pope, to France, but it resulted into nothing effective, for Germany only supplied about fifty thousand and France not more than six thousand men.

Oliver was very near being taken prisoner in one of these disastrous battles—and he owed his freedom to his brave man, who rushed among the enemy and brought him off. He was, however, severely wounded, and was sent to Vienna to receive better assistance than could be procured for him at a camp.

CHAPTER XII.

Several months had elapsed before his health was sufficiently restored as to think of returning to the army. He was standing at the window one day listening to the sound of trumpets, and looking at a French regiment that was passing through the streets. But what was his surprise when at the side of the French general he recognized Cugny. He threw open the window and stretching out his arm, cried out Cugny—Cugny. The officer, for it was in reality Cugny, was so much excited on his friend; etiquette, however, prevented him from further notice than a slight salutation; he looked at Oliver too fierce until he could no longer be seen.

Oliver followed the regiment as soon as it was dismissed to quarters,—and then over the joy of the two friends there was no control. Cugny, however, had still some business to attend to, and therefore could only remain a few minutes with Oliver,—but he promised to be with him again in the evening.

At twilight, a knock was at his door, and to his great amazement, the long lost Helen entered with Cugny. Oliver was speechless. Helen and Cugny embraced him over and over again; and at last Oliver exclaimed, " How is this—how came you here, Helen!"

" How came I here,—why with Cugny; with my husband, could I leave him!"

" You are the wife of Cugny!" said Oliver, quite bewildered.

" Yes, we have been married these ten years; but you surely knew this,—you must have received our letters!"

" Not one—but you are married to Cugny! how can that be possible, I must be dreaming."

" It is all reality, Oliver, we wrote and wrote, but receiving no answer concluded that you were indignant at the deception which had been practised. But chiefly, I feared that your anger was stronger against me, for I seem the most culpable. And you really know nothing that occurred, dear Oliver, then let me now beg pardon, which I did so frequently by letter—will you forgive me dear Oliver, dearest friend!"

Who could not like Oliver, when Helen tenderly embraced him, have forgiven a more heavy sin! After the first emotions had in part subsided, they were seated and Helen took up her little narrative from the beginning.

" You will recollect, Oliver, how painfully I was situated at home, you come, and though I then, as I do now, had the sincerest affection for you, yet as I did not believe in the passion of love, I never felt it. But I soon learned that love was a reality, and that I was to feel its full power, I cannot tell why it should be so, but I became more intimate with Cugny in one short hour than I ever was with others, even with those of my own sex, after years of acquaintance. We became as one soul and we vowed eternal constancy, he knew of my difficulties with De Asperlin and proposed flight. Knowing that life would be hateful if not impossible, without him, I consented to every thing he proposed. He went, as you know, to Milan, and we constantly, though secretly, corresponded. I lulled the suspicions of my parents and De Asperlin by the change of conduct which surprised you so much, and which, alas, gave you hopes that I was becoming more tenderly attached to you. All that I possessed of value, was sent, as you were told, to Basil, and you generously promised to accompany me in my flight.

" When I retired to rest on the night of your missing me, I was alarmed by some one calling me by name—it was Cugny, he could not rest though fear that you might not be able to accompany me and that I should be lost to him forever. Before he reached La Sarras, in disguise, he heard of our flight, followed us to the little inn, and in a few moments after I left you, we were on our way to Brunnels.

" Perhaps you think we ought to have confided in you, Cugny did most earnestly desire it, but I knew better than he, the state of your mind, and I feared that in the extremity of your passion, some terrible catastrophe might ensue. All was done in the greatest haste, as you may all suppose, and after all, dear Oliver, the difference in your feelings would not have been so great had you accompanied us to Brunnels, for then you would have to learn the state of my heart, and how should you have felt towards your friends! We were married immediately and then both wrote to you, explaining every thing and asking, entreating, imploring your pardon."

" Yes," said Cugny, " and let me add, dear Oliver, that during the two happy years we have had together, you have never been out of our thoughts. I wished earnestly to be sent to Hungary, where I heard you were, and when the Emperor Leopold asked the King of France for assistance, I determined to exert all my influence to accompany the auxiliary troops. I succeeded in being transferred to the division of Colligny, and here at length, I have found you. Look at this, dear Oliver, here is the mother of pearl knife, pardon us, and let me not believe that this knife has cut friendship."

Oliver pressed Cugny to his heart with great emotion, and turning towards Helen with a smile he observed that he might have suspected all this, for that even in their little games Cugny always contrived to capture the little Helen. " My friend," said she, " I beat no longer, you, Cugny, were the Paris who bore off my Helen, and I have nothing to forgive."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

From the Magazines

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION, FOR AUGUST.

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

There is a dimness, like a doubt,
That weaves with mist and rain,
When Day hath in its glory died,
Ere the Night comes forth with pride,
Of silver raiment.

'Tis like the soft delay of youth
Where Love hath built its throne,
A coy reluctance ere it rest
Each one in another's breast,
To be no more its own.

It is the gentle pause of Heaven,
Even as a mother mild,—
Before the sweet babe sinks to rest,
Inquireth how the day has spent—
Of her forgetful child.

Then Consecration, like that fearful cry
Midst Abraham's deep sorrow,
" Where is thy brother?"—turns its ray
Upon the annal of the Day,
Thus to the Night—

Perchance the queenly moon ascends,—
And lo! the haughty Sea,
On her pale face doth fix his eye,
And toiling, forgets to roll and sigh
Beneath her regency.

Yet, to night gray, to me is dear,—
More than the blushing day,—
Or noonide's plenitude of light—
Or sober certainty of night,
Or moon with silver ray.

For then at sceptred Memory's call,
Long buried scenes awake,
And crowd in clamorous throngs back
With music o'er their flowery track,
Their ancient seats to take.

And parted friends, of whom we say,
In hope of meeting soon,
Bend meekly down from Glory's sphere
And with their angel smile or tear
Allure us to the blest.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

"I STRIKE MY FLAG."*

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

I strike, not to a conqueror king—
A man of mortal breath—
A weak, imperious, guilty thing,
I strike to thee, O Death!

I strike that flag, which in the fight
The hopes of millions hailed,
The flag, which threw its meteor light
Where England's lion quailed

I strike to thee, whose mandates fall
Alike on king and slave,
Whose livery is the shroud and pall,
And palace-court the grave.

Thy captives round the caverned earth,
Their fetters throw on me,
From court and camp, the wave and hearth,
All, all have bowed to thee.

But thou, stern Death, must yet resign
Thy captive who dies that day;
The Power that makes the mortal thine
Will yet remand his trust.

Thine mighty voice shall reach this ear,
Beneath the grave's cold cloak,
This form, these features reappear
In life before their God.

* Last words of the late Commodore Hall.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

THE POSTOFFICE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

The family of James O'Moore was a reputable branch of the old and broad spreading tree of the O'Moores in Ireland. James had married young, in the prime of life and hope, and, as soon as they can themselves indulge in the luxury of wives and children, and think it very fitting the poor should do without them. Neither would Jemmy O'Moore be guilty of such injustice, which has been well called the " starveling of the ship." So, at five-and-thirty, he was a husband and the father of nine children; five," as his wife expressed it, " come to the Blessed Virgin, to Hanon—three boys a-trooping their father and sister three boys and one Mary, dear, the beauty o' County Cork tho' her mother should be ashamed to say it, but her mother it was alone that knew she was the truest and best that ever mortal breathed, except her father, poor man."

These who, unreasonably, or, if they will, reasonably, dislike the Irish, cannot deny that, in the glowing fervor of their affections, in generosity to their kindred and people, and in gratitude to any memory of the human family, Jew Greek, or barbarian, who, *in a kind manner*, renders them a service, they are unequalled. O'Moore had a jubilant and generous landlord, and he would have thriven well in his own country, with only his four surviving children to boy or bring up; but there was a cousin, with three sick girls and a boy, to whom his kind heart bade him extend protection and support. The boy, Dennis Heavey, was to be sent, no charge to him, or to his mother. Dennis was a stout, brave and manful boy, and, when but twelve years old, he had saved the life of the heir, and only son, of the lord of the domain upon which he lived. The unfortunate only son of Sir Philip Morrit and his wife, Lady Ellen, was born with a deformity that made him incurably lame. He was beside sickly, and of a nervous temperament, and retiring disposition. He loved solitude; and, only his foster-brother, Dennis Heavey, the nurse and nurse-child wander about the woodlands of the estate. His ruling passion was a love of wild flowers, and in trying to obtain some violets that grew on the brink of a stream that bounded the estate, he fell in, and, unable to resist the swift current, he was carried down into an artificial pool, which he would inevitably have been drowned but for the timely intervention of Dennis Heavey. Dennis came near being dragged under by the convulsive grasp of the drowning child, but his stout arm and shorter heart prevailed; and he not only took the boy from the water, but carried him, half a mile, to the castle, and laid him in his mother's arms. Dennis was at once taken to the castle, was taught by Master Edward's tutor, reading, writing and cipherin, and, what to Dennis was as important, he was taught under the head gardener the instruction to be a good gardener. The gardener's cottage, the pleasant cottage, and premised to forward them by giving Rosy an eligible place at the castle. That Dennis should ever leave it, while Master Edward lived, was out of the question. Lady Ellen said, and Dennis assented, for he felt himself bound there not only by Edward's dependence upon him, but by his gratitude for the multiplied favors heaped on him and his family by Sir Philip and Lady Ellen.

A week had passed since he had seen Rosy. In the next half hour after his communication with Lady Ellen he was on his way to the cottage. Rosy, who always knew when it was Dennis that knocked, opened the door for him. The flush of welcome, or the blush that accompanied her check when Dennis kissed it, soon passed away, and he observed that she was paler and less cheerful than usual.

" Sure, Dennis," said the mother, " these have been the longest days of the year that you have been staying away from us."

" Indeed, and that's true," replied Dennis, glancing at Rose, " hours are minutes here, and minutes are hours away from us."

" Oh, it's getting darker than ever we thought it yet, Dennis." Dennis stared. " Is it O'Moore that's been at the castle to-day?" continued the old woman.

" No."

" Nor Dan, nor Pat, nor Tommy?"

" Not one of them."

" Then, the news—bad luck to it—is yet to tell."

Dennis was confounded. He fancied he only had news to tell, and, resolving not to have that interfered with, he turned from the mother and asked Rosy to walk down the green lane with him. Rose had on a straw-white apron, three her little cheeses her shoulders, and they went out together. The sentiment of the humble, like the disease of childhood, is simple, uncomplicated, and little varying in its symptoms.

" Thinks to you, Rosy dear," said Dennis, " it is not now to ask, do you have me!"

Rose only sighed in reply.

" Sure that occasion was asked as long ago as we can remember!"

" And answered just as long ago—was it not Dennis!"

" Sure, sure it was, Rosy, and we have been as good as one ever since, having but one heart between us—both pulsified sure all, and so, Rosy dear—but why are you so dark!—you send coffin to the very word of me." Rosy burst into tears. " Oh, speak, Rosy; if trouble has come to you have not I a right to the better half of it!"

Dennis' arm was around Rosy's waist, and Rosy pressed the hand that was on her breast, but she could not utter a word. Dennis wiped off the tears with Rosy's apron, saying, " There, my life, don't send any more after them! I have news to tell you that will drive away all sorrow—sunshine to each away all the clouds. Rosy, if you dare to stand, attention to me!"

And he proceeded to communicate the sure and near prospect that Lady Ellen's kindness had opened to them. Poor Rosy's sadness deepened at every word, and, when he had finished, she covered her face and sobbed out, " It cannot be—it cannot be—Dennis, it can never be." Dennis, alarmed and confounded, was rather relieved when he found out the real lion in the way; and, after a little soothing and cheering, Rosy began to feel that there was still twilight above her horizon. She had communicated the following facts:

It seemed that James O'Moore had been long vainly struggling against the current of hard times. With all the indulgences of his landlord, it was hard for him to pay his rent; and his boys, now grown to be capable and industrious, had no work to do. Emigration is the great national resource for Ireland. O'Moore's relations and friends, on every side, were going to America, and sending home letters with accounts of success, and remittances, for those left behind. A few days before, O'Moore had received letters from the husbands of Dennis' sisters. They were still in Canada, where they had heard the most tempting accounts of the facilities for settlers on the new lands in the United States, and they vehemently urged O'Moore to come out, with his sons, and join them. O'Moore was an impulsive and determined man—qualities that do not often go together. Forseeing opposition from the women, he imparted his plans to the boys, only. They joyfully concurred with him. He made extensive arrangements for the sale of such effects as must be left behind him, and, on the morning of that day, he told his wife and daughter that, in one week, they must be riding on the salt water.

Rosy listened as she would have listened to a sentence of death, and, turning from her father, she sunk down on a chair, pale and motionless. Her mother understood her child's feelings, and, after her own surprise and shock had a little subsided, she said, " Sure, Rosy, James O'Moore, it's for the good of your boys, I have not a word to say again it.—I shall not long bide it—I cannot learn to stand alone in my old age."

" Aboo! I will not we be on every side of you!"

" Not she that I most lane on. I have always had something to lane upon since first I lay upon my mother's bosom; when she was taken, then it was my poor father, then it was you, Jemmy, and now is it not Rosy that I must lay my prop—my rest and comfort by night and by day!"

" And, God helping me, will still be, mother," said Rosy, dropping on to the floor at her mother's feet, and laying her head on her lap.

" Ah, my darling, is it not you that're promised, and, as I left all for your father, so you must leave all for Dennis—this is the thorny way of life that Providence has marked with his own finger!"

" Now, this is just what I was say," interposed Jemmy, " flying off into the clouds, instead of walking in the beaten road before you. What the divil sigaffiles blurring your eyes, Rosy? You—can't Dennis come and live with us?"

" Never, never, father; he is duty-bound to Master Edward. *It's the nearest duty we must do.* I'll go with you, mother—I will, and I'll say never a word against Dennis doing it's bidding, and that is all I can honestly promise."

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" That's my own darling," said her mother; " it was the night I was dreaming of roasted potatoes, and there's a sign of letters coming—old blind Berry 'twas told me the sign, when Pat, his son, was away to the Indies. But, Rosy dear, where's the money to pay for the news?"

" To there not a shilling, mother, I'd of the last pound of one!"

" Ah! too, Rosy, that same want is Gilliot for the last visit of my mistress. I would not ask you, darling, but sure a letter would be better to us all than gold. There's the gold-piece Dennie—God ever bless him—gave you at parting!"

" Mother, what for would I tell you in that dark hour and you sick, but sure it was the gold-piece I paid for father's coffin, to quiet his dear soul. Could he rest easy, the thing not paid for, and his own dear child having gold in her purse!"

" It's all right, Rosy, love; the blessing of the dead and the living on you! If there should be a letter! Pat, boy, is there ne'er a shilling at the bottom of your empty purse!"

" Na, na, mother," groaned Pat from the chair, where he sat cowering over the coals; " my last shilling went to the pedlar, bad luck to him, for the fever pills."

" Oh, mother, dear," interposed Rosy, " it's a lucky thought, the same I have." She pulled from her bosom a shilling, suspended by a thread bare ribbon, from which its original rose-color had been long washed out. " Sure I never thought of its being money—it was *a love token* we called it. It was when you and I and Dennis went to the fair—he bought this ribbon and tied round my neck, you remember, mother—it was my seventh birth-day—I'd scarce know myself without it—but I'll not scruple parting with it to bring you the comfort of a letter, so kiss it for luck's sake, mother, dear."

Her mother kissed the love-token, and kissed her good child, and poured out a shower of tears, as she said " God Almighty's blessing rest on you, as it does, and ever will, for you've kept all His laws, and crowned them all with honoring father and mother—so you've His sure word that these black days shall lighten up, and be long and bright to the last, in the land that the Lord thy God giveth to thee—God speed ye, my darling!"

These blessings, the very effluence of well-performed duties, fell, like balm, on the heart of Rosy's spirit, and filled it with cheerful expectation. She changed her working-dress for a holiday suit, and, having arranged becomingly her fine dark hair, she looked at herself with paradoxical complacency, for no dream-toon mirror ever reflected a sweeter face than was given back by the little bit of broken, triangular glass, by which she tied on a pretty straw hat. " Rosy," said her mother, " your mourning bonnet, child!" A crape bonnet of her own fashioning, was the only badge of mourning Rosy had been able to obtain. " There's no look under a black bonnet, mother, dear," said Rosy, " so this once I'll leave it behind—the wind is on my heart at night, the crowd that surrounded him, she locked with fear and dismay at the means of newspapers, fearing that her poor little letter, if she had one among them, would share the fate of the needle in the hay-mow. It so happened that the member from Clifton county had been making a speech in Congress on the Bankrupt Law, and that he had forwarded to his constituents a large bale of newspapers containing this precious effusion, and half as many letters to his particular friends, filled with the gossip of Washington. There were a few papers of the best order, and any number of Albanys, Transcripts, Suns and Heralds, beside some reads of Brother Jonathan and New Worlds. After these had been, for the most part, delivered, and the crowd ebbed, Rosy approached the table and modestly inquired if there were any letter for her O'Moore, but none had arrived yet in the postoffice. A hot discussion was begun on the Bankrupt Law, in which all were interested as parties, or creditors of parties—and Rosy repeated her inquiry thrice, before she was listened to, and then Peter Smith replied crabbedly, " Can't you wait a minute, child!" and grumbled, " pests!—these Irish!" Rosy did wait five minutes at least, endeavoring to persuade herself that it was the heat that weighed of her own anxieties and the burden of her poor brother and sick brother on her spirit. She then said " It's my mother, sir, would thank ye to look if there's ever a letter for Rosy O'Moore, or any of her people!"

Smith either did not, or affected not to hear, till a person who stood near interposed, saying, " It is too bad, Smith; I'll look over the letters myself for the poor girl, if you don't." Peter turned partially round, and shuffling over a parcel of letters he paused at one—

" That's mine!" exclaimed Rosy involuntarily, as she leaped from the hand of the Hebe of the establishment. She blushed at the sound of her own raised voice, and extended her English shilling, her 'love-token,' her hand trembling with eagerness—

" Not so fast, sweetheart," said Peter, " this is a double letter, and so you must double your money to get it."

" Double my money!" said poor Rosy, " indeed, sir, I cannot have not another penny—and it's six miles I have walked for this same, sir."

" And you must walk six miles back without it if you can't pay the price of it. No cash, no letter; is the rule here, every body knows," and he was turning the letter in the green paper of a pagean-hole when Rosy had hold of his arm.

" For the love of Heaven, sir," said she, " give me the letter; my old mother at home is perishing for the news of Thomas, her youngest, that was wrecked in the Nancy."

" And this letter come from Tommy, from the bottom of the sea, does it?"

" Sure it comes from one who may give us news of him," said Rose with dignity, the color again mounting into her cheek, which had become doubly pale at the thought of losing the letter. " Oh, please, sir, let me look at the outside of it."

Smith was touched to permit her to take the letter into her hands. The superscription was in Dennis' well known hand—a fine legible character—

" Miss Rose O'Moore—Clifton Postoffice—Illinois—United States of America."

" Can't you read it!—it's plain as print," said Peter Smith. Rosy's eye did not read, it devoured every letter, and tear after tear dropped upon it. The good-natured man who had interposed to procure the letter was near turning fumbling in every pocket, and turning his purse inside out, to make up her deficit, but in vain—there is many a man of substance in our western states who has not money to pay a letter's postage. " It is too bad," he said. " I see this going on here every day. Here comes the current of a mail-bag filled with no manner of trash; speeches not worth a groat, and letters worth less, brought all the way from Washington with the frank of some poor devil of a congressman, who had better be planting potatoes at home—why should his letters be free, and these poor emigrants pay a quarter of a dollar for a single sheet! who are thirsting for a word of news from their old homes—who, in their hard toil and hard fare, look forward to a letter to cheer and entertain them, who think of it by day and dream of it by night, and when it comes—their manna in the wilderness—it is loaded with a postage they cannot pay; is nor righteous, inhumane tax it is."

" Sure! as that my business!" asked Peter.

" No—but it is the fault of our congressmen, who spend their time in party squabbles, in doing harm and undoing good, instead of working for the benefit of the people who pay them. Year after year we have a report in favor of the reduction of postage, and there is the end of it—not a finger is stirred to remove the burthen. It makes my blood boil to see these postages so brought here for three cents each from New York and Boston, big enough, some of them, to cover a prairie, and in multitudes like the plague of frogs, and here this poor child cannot get a letter her heart is breaking for, without fifty cents—tell your friends to print their letters, my girl! Ah, these politicians shall answer for these heart wrenches, man by man—there are no accounts with double consciousness—no open books with congressmen—they must answer as fathers, brothers and sons for this permitted wrong."

Rosy, who had but half heard and half understood this philippic, started forward, saying, " Oh, pray, sir, let me have the letter with me; I'll leave my cloak and my bonnet for a pledge." She untied them both, and threw them on the table. " Sure, to you, they are worth more than the letter."

" It's against the rule," replied Peter, somewhat softened, " to take any thing but cash."

" But I'll bring the cash, indeed I will—the Kellys are coming in one fortnight, and then surely I'll bring it."

" Oh, you no doubt—the *Kellys* are coming—I'll keep the letter safe for you, child, till their arrival—hand it over."

We have noticed that there was a small door, which entered the shop from a narrow street on one side the building. At the moment Rosy threw down her hat and cloak, there appeared, at that door, a traveller just arrived in Clifton. His dress had the air of comfort and adaptation which is rather characteristic of the old country, and he had that robust frame and high colored cheek that marks the recent comer from a healthier land than our new countries. He had paused on the door step and was regarding the scene within with an interest very unlike that of a careless stranger. Rosy's back was toward him, but at every word she spoke her color heightened, and his eye dashed fire at Peter Smith's unmanned behaviour. " Hand the letter over." And, when to this Rosy replied vehemently, " That will I never—may drop the hat and cloak intense, by the home so dear and beloved, while Peter Smith thought to him self, or murmured to a vicinage gossip, as he threw one after another down, " Sister has got his answer from the land office, at last—short and not sweet, I can tell him! Ah, news from that! so-my Laffin!" and then a chuckle; " the widow will have another chance!"

* All our readers may not know that an English shilling is about twenty-five cents.

By this time, a little boy had made his way to the table and asked bashfully, " if there was any letter for grandfather?"

" Gran-father! who's your grandfather! Oh, I know—Anson Vahl—wait a minute—yes; where is your money for the postage?"

The little fellow drew coarse, and, frightened by being observed, he dropped his head and hesitated—

" Speak out; have you got the money or not, sharper?—a cash article, a letter at this post-office."

" Grandfather is sick, sir, and he has not got any money left; but we expect there's some in that letter from father, sir."

" You and grandfather must take it out in expectations, my lad, this is a single letter—marked so, and I'm sure of it they can't cheat me," he continued, fingering the letter, " if they do the down-easters. It will keep till called for, my boy; there are fifty others there to keep it company; waiting till their owners can get money to pay for them."

The poor child's tears dropped on to the floor, and, losing his bashfulness in stronger feeling, he said, " I know there's a bank-bill in it, for father promised to send it."

A gentleman who had taken half a dozen franked letters from the table, with a score of newspapers, was awaiting the change of a half dollar; his attention was arrested by the little boy's tremulous voice, and compassionating his hard case, he said to Peter Smith, " Give the poor child his letter, and let the balance of my half dollar pay for it."

" Oh, thank you sir," said the boy, as he took the letter. " But I know the bill is in it; won't you please to open the letter, sir, and see?"

" No, my little fellow, carry the note home unbroken to your 'grandfather;' I have got my money's worth."

Could one pierce into the sacred treasury in the heart, one might see how much richer the gentleman was by his spent money than Mr. Johnston by the same sum in his till.

All this while our poor little friend Rosy was so impatient and most attentive observer. While she modestly waited for an opportunity to approach the gentleman, she kept pushing her way through the crowd that surrounded him, she locked with fear and dismay at the means of newspapers, fearing that her poor little letter, if she had one among them, would share the fate of the needle in the hay-mow. It so happened that the member from Clifton county had been making a speech in Congress on the Bankrupt Law, and that he had forwarded to his constituents a large bale of newspapers containing this precious effusion, and half as many letters to his particular friends, filled with the gossip of Washington. There were a few papers of the best order, and any number of Albanys, Transcripts, Suns and Heralds, beside some reads of Brother Jonathan and New Worlds. After these had been, for the most part, delivered, and the crowd ebbed, Rosy approached the table and modestly inquired if there were any letter for her O'Moore, but none had arrived yet in the postoffice. A hot discussion was begun on the Bankrupt Law, in which all were interested as parties, or creditors of parties—and Rosy repeated her inquiry thrice, before she was listened to, and then Peter Smith replied crabbedly, " Can't you wait a minute, child!" and grumbled, " pests!—these Irish!" Rosy did wait five minutes at least, endeavoring to persuade herself that it was the heat that weighed of her own anxieties and the burden of her poor brother and sick brother on her spirit. She then said " It's my mother, sir, would thank ye to look if there's ever a letter for Rosy O'Moore, or any of her people!"

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" Can't you read it!

must a dry eye on one of the hard faces about her, and it was afterward averred that even Peter Smith was betrayed into a little snuffling sympathy.

The zealous advocate of the postage reform seemed the first to recover his self-possession. He gallantly threw Rosy's cloak around her, and, offering her his arm, he said, in a low tone of voice, "Perhaps, my child, now you have the living letter, you'll have the written one."

"Sure, I'd like to keep it," she replied, "and yet," she added, in a lower voice to Dennis, "I would better like to get back my love-token—'tis the English shilling you gave me, Dennis, that I paid him." Dennis comprehended, and redeemed the love-token with a crown, desiring the postmaster to reserve the balance for the first poor Irish emigrant who had not wherewith to pay for a letter.

We part with our friends at the dawning of a bright day. Dennis had brought news of Thomas' safety. He was already in New York, whither Dennis proposed to convey Rosy and her family. Master Edward's tribulations were over. He had left Dennis a legacy which would enable him to establish himself in the art and craft of Gardening, in the neighborhood of New York, where, with Rosy to keep his house, Patrick and Thomas to dig for him, and good old Dame O'Moore to cook his meals, Dennis felt that he had taken a fee in happiness.

"A bond of fate,
And made assurance doubly sure."

The Farmer.

SMALL FARMS.

We are glad that the Farmers, throughout the country, are discussing this subject with so much of interest and earnestness.

For a long time we have indulged in extravagant fancies in every thing. Large possessions and large wealth—these were counted essential, and few were the men who could toil contentedly on small farms, and be satisfied with a limited business. But the experience of the few last years has taught us all, that money, beyond that point which secures us independence, is not an element of happiness or progress. When sought for, for its own sake, it is ever a means of evil. Nor can it be otherwise, if grasped at to gratify a low social ambition. These truths have made slow, but sure, progress, among all classes, yet among none more than the Agricultural interests of the land.

We may mention the growing disposition on the part of Farmers to possess only as much land as they can cultivate well as proof of these remarks. And we cannot but rejoice at it. For if rightly directed, their influence will ever be exerted for the substantial good of all—since it possesses, from a variety of causes, that admixture of wisdom and prudence, which is unwilling to run foolish risks, or try hazardous experiments in government, yet which is never backward in making exchanges whenever in reason they are called for, or urging reforms when existing evils demand them. Just views of home ensure just views generally, with regard to every thing else. And when the farming interests practice on their own soil whatever a wise economy, comfort and real independence may demand, we may feel assured, not only that their influence will be rightly directed, but that they will see to it that those virtues are practiced in our public affairs.

And as a general rule the possession of as much land as may be well cultivated will help to establish these virtues. First, the farmer who is so situated, can apply his industry better: second, he can employ all his capital; third, he can do more and obtain a surer and steadier return from both; fourth, he can secure more of those comforts which tends so much to improve and to civilize all of us;—a good dwelling, good out houses, good fences, good cattle, greater fertility of soil, and a better knowledge of his business. Nor is this all. When men measure themselves thus, by what they can do, and are zealous to do it, they are not so apt to be led astray by speculation, by avarice, by social display, or any of that class of evils which so much disturb and distress society. They love the earth they till; they are content to till it, being proud of the labor of their hands—they find, and feel under those circumstances, that they can do more good to others, and enjoy themselves better, because necessarily they will look more to what is in a man than what is around him, to character, rather than to the number of acres he may own, or the wealth he may possess.

It is a national blessing, in every way, to multiply small farms. Show us a State that has the most of them, and we will guarantee to find there the greatest amount of substantial wealth and real happiness. Economy, it is said, is a mine of wealth, that is practised on them. Energy is the means to supply this mine; and as the truest economy and the stoutest energy are employed on them, the more small farmers we have, the greater will be the strength and the wealth of the nation.

POSTSCRIPT.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

The steamer Acadia arrived at Boston on Wednesday, bringing Liverpool dates to the 19th July, but very little intelligence. The Repeal agitation still continues in Ireland, and remains as peaceable as ever. In the House of Lords, in answer to a speech castigating the government for the removal of Repeal men from the magistracy, the Duke of Wellington made a vigorous reply.

The Duke set aside the question of legality, and and said that the manner in which the Repeal agitation was being carried on in Ireland, was such as endangered the public peace, and to call for precautionary measures from the government, who were responsible for the lives and property of the people. He admitted that the peace of Ireland was in the hands of Mr. O'Connell, and alluded to his declaration that he had a finer army than Napoleon led into Russia, or the Duke of Wellington had at Waterloo. "Very possibly," said the noble Duke; and this was a sufficient reason why government should be prepared for any outbreak, and could not safely leave the commission of the peace in the hands of men who might be called upon to put down that which they had aided in bringing about.

The "Rebeccaites" still continue their disturbances in Wales, destroying toll gates in open day.

Mrs. Wood, the cantatrice, has renounced her scruples, and returned to her husband.

Several prominent Orangemen in Ireland, have joined the Repealers.

Business generally remains with little change. Of the Liverpool cotton market, under date of July 18, it is said, the demand continues steady, and a good extent of business is being done daily. The market is decidedly firmer, and purchases cannot be made in the lower qualities of American within ⅛d. of the lowest point of last week. Speculators have taken 2800 bales of American, and exporters, 1900 bales of American, 600 Pernams and 500 Surat. 5000 bales were sold to-day.

Spain appears to be in confusion and uncertainty. Revolutionary demonstrations are made in various sections, but nothing appears to be wanting to put them down, but decision on the part of the Regent, Espartero. The authorities in many places having sided against the Regent, it is stated by General Van Halen in a recent despatch from Andalusia to the Minister of War, that he has received assurances from the authorities and National Guards of several places, that they only gave way to avoid bloodshed; and we have little doubt that if Espartero and his generals can but strike one blow, his friends and partisans throughout Spain will take heart, and unpronounce themselves as rapidly as they have made their pronunciamentos. Spain will not, at any rate, be permitted to resume her attitude of civil war.

Abd-el-Kader, the great enemy of the French in Algiers recently nearly fell into their hands.—The Paris papers publish a letter from Algiers, which states that Abd-el-Kader was surprised on the 2d ult, while asleep in the camp, about 60 miles from Mascara, by a division under Colonel Gery, and that not a person would have escaped but for the war cry raised by the Arab allies of the French. "On awaking," says the writer, "he took his glass and recognized the Ancouches, who did not inspire him with great confidence. He soon formed a force to keep them in check, and in the meantime Col. Gery, with his column, was approaching without being perceived."

Whilst the alarm was sounding in the camp, Col. Gery sent into it his 150 Spahis, and followed at the head of his regiment. In an instant the melee became general. The Spahis used their swords with fury, and our infantry bayonetted right and left. In a very short time 300 of the regulars of Abd-el-Kader were killed, and we took 150 prisoners, a standard, 500 camels, 180 horses ready saddled, 160 laden mules, 400 muskets, swords, pistols, &c.

The Emir had his horse killed, and in his flight left behind him his splendid horse collar, ornamented with amulets, said to have been a present from the Emperor of Morocco, the hollow stone in which he performed his ablutions, his staff of justice, a MS. history of the war with the French, his correspondence with the Kalifats and other important personages, and an immense booty."

☞ A boy in Conway, N. H., aged about eight years, killed a catamount a few days since. He took it to be a raccoon, and his dog being of like mind, lost his life by making too close an acquaintance. This is the second appearance of this animal in the vicinity of Conway within a few days.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, August 5, 1843.

L. S. Hovey, of Vicksburg, Miss., is no longer agent for The United States Saturday Post, Graham's Magazine, and The Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $2, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," a Tale of Florida, by Henry W. Herbert, gratis.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Miss Bremer's new novel, "THE NEIGHBOURS."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is the candid opinion of the writer of this gossip, that John Quincy Adams ought to be ashamed of himself; and so ought every man who defers until the age of threescore and ten a visit to Niagara; while he does not forget to run all over Europe. It is a characteristic of the American people that, despite of all their professions of patriotism and love of country, they are more ambitious of obtaining knowledge of the history, geography and manners of the old world than of the new; and that we find foreign tourists better acquainted, and more in love with the remarkable scenery of this country than Americans are. Men of wealth choose to travel in Europe, and to send their children there, while they are totally unacquainted by observation with American scenery upon which any travelled foreign penny-a-liner can dilate by the hour. These things ought not so to be. It is the duty of American citizens to know their own land; and no description, and no chart, can convey to the weaker half so much as he may learn in a journey, however hurried. We find no disinclination to travelling merely as travelling among Americans. From one great commercial point to another, and, at certain seasons, to the watering places, they are on the wing by thousands. But these annual journies run in the same beaten tracks, and the journey is looked upon merely as the necessary something to be endured between the points of departure and of arrival. However, we believe that customs in this respect have been mending within the few last years.

Every body who can leave the city for recreation is now gone. Probably the number of absentees exceeds twelve thousand at this present writing. Consequently there is, to the can't-get-aways, a great absence of familiar faces on the pave, and in business matters the city hath somewhat of a Sabbath appearance. Indications are, however, decidedly in favor of a cheerful Fall business; particularly as all the world has become content within a few years to receive something short of miraculous profits in merchandise, and in labor.

In relation to the crops, we have watched the reports from different sections with tolerably close attention. The early promise, the reader is aware was, every where, exceedingly abundant. Much abatement has been made from this by the very long drought which preceded the rains, the first of this week; but still, though particular sections have suffered severely, there is a prospect of more than an average yield of the great staples. Our farmers in some sections, have been compelled to feed hay to their grazing cattle, the herbage being so completely dried up; but this is an evil that the recent rains will remedy. Fruit, particularly peaches, will be abundant; and the great bugaboo of the alarmists, the locusts, appear to have come and gone without causing any very severe injury.

There is this, however, to be remembered in relation to the products of the earth in the United States. In old and densely peopled countries, upon the question of crops, it depends, whether a portion of the people shall starve, or receive a bare subsistence, abundant food being a blessing which by all is seldom attainable. With us, however, the highest scale in the standard of some European countries, is the lowest point. That is to say, the population are all sure of enough to eat; and the difference in crops involves only the question whether the price shall be nominal or real; whether the cheapness of necessaries shall leave means to purchase luxuries, or whether necessaries alone shall absorb the income of the poor. In no case, since the settlement of the country, has the population realized what is deemed "distress" in the old world; and yet how frequently do we hear complaints loud and earnest;—so true is it that indulgences and luxuries become necessaries by habit, and that the spoilt man, as well as the spoilt child, may make as much clamor at the absence of superfluities, as the real sufferer does at the deprivation of necessaries.

In news the past week is principally remarkable as having been remarkable for nothing. No new topic has risen in the city or out, for politicians, theologians, or general quidnuncs to fall to upon; and the old ones are more than seven out of the nine days of wonder. Gossip is at a stand still, and rumor appears to have made a halt to plume her wings. Common fame has received her usual weekly demonstration as a common liar, and uncommon events have been uncommonly scarce. What the next steamer (now hourly expected) may bring from the old world, remains to be seen; but there is little chance that its intelligence will rise above the average level of the dog-days. The truth is that the present generation seems to feel that it has done its mission, and is waiting for the young fellows of the next to come forward and blow their trumpets. Men never have lived faster than since 1825; consequently men never took doing nothing and keeping quiet so naturally as they do just now. Come along, you boys of the next generation, and wake us up—we old young men of the present!

ESPIONAGE.

The editor of a New York paper professes to have in his possession, a circular of the English government, signed by Lord Aberdeen, and addressed to all its commercial and other agents in this country, requiring the most minute information in relation to slaves and slavery in all its details—the physical force of the negroes—their relations to their masters—their general treatment, general character and propensities, &c. &c., with very full statements as to sources of information, means of judging, &c. If the editor has such a document, why does he not publish it, and permit the reader to judge both of its authenticity, and of its purpose? The tenor of the enquiries would very probably develope the object for which they are made. It is well understood that a large interest in the British empire is desirous of providing cheap laborers from among the East India slaves for the British Island and South American possessions, and it may be in reference to this project that the questions are asked. The New York paper may be, for purposes of its own, making a mystery of something about which there is no desire for concealment; but if there be any attempt on the part of the British government to obtain covertly and surreptitiously, any statistics relative to this country, it should be met by indignant remonstrance. There is nothing relative to the condition of the South, or indeed in relation to the state of any part of the country over which any attempt at concealment is thrown. Open and impartial observation is courted, but underhand and sneaking espionage, tending to false results, is unendurable.

PROBABLE PIRACY.

The New Bedford Bulletin of Monday states that a Providence schooner bound from that port to New York, fell in, on Sunday, with a schooner, with all sail out; running pretty close to her, discovered there was no one on board. They immediately boarded her, found that she had one anchor down with a short scope, and on trying her pumps, found three feet of water in her hold, and on further search, found that she was scuttled forward just above the copper. The forecastle was torn to pieces, the bunks torn down, a hole cut in the cabin floor, with an axe lying beside it. The cabin was in great disorder—all valuable articles were taken away except the quadrant and compass, which were found in the mate's locker; the captain's trunk was forced open, and was completely pillaged. On examination, the vessel proved to be the schooner Lavina, of Alexandria, Dearborn, master, with a cargo of kiln-dried meal, black-eyed peas, yellow corn and red oak staves. The crew list found in the Captain's trunk was as follows:

Charles H. Dearborn, master; Walter A. Nicoll, mate; John Jonston, cook; David Babe, William Webster and George Mathews, seamen. Nicoll is from Northumberland county, Va., Jonston has no residence opposite his name; Babe is from Cape May, N. J., and Webster and Mathews from Baltimore. The Captain and Mate, with Babe and Webster, could write—the others made their marks in signing the articles, which fact may prove to be of some importance.

The Lavina was towed to New Bedford, and taken charge of by the United States Marshall. The chests of the seamen were gone from the forecastle, and the boat was gone. The last regular entry in the Log Book was on the 10th of July. In a small book was found the following:

Friday night, 14th of July, 1843.—About half past ten o'clock it was the mate's watch on deck along with me, when the captain came on deck and told me to keep the vessel to the wind, and I done so; then the mate was aft on the seat close to the taffrail, asleep, and the captain went up and shook him, and said you are a damned fellow to be an officer of a vessel, and struck at him, and they at one another; the mate got the captain down on his back on the taffrail, and the main sheet block under them, it gave a jerk and pitched them overboard. So I put my helm down, but it was of no use; for, by the time the vessel was round, they were not to be seen. There was no one on deck but myself, and could do no good for them. I ran forward and called the men, but by the time they got up, the vessel was going afore the wind, and we could not see or hear them.

15th. Kept the vessel her course.
16th. do.
17th. do.
18th. Saw a vessel, stood towards her to find what course to stand for the nearest port. Told us due West for Bermuda, and NNW for New York. We done so.
19th. do.

In another place, a memorandum was found representing the fighting to have taken place on the night of the 19th. The impression at New Bedford is that the crew rose, and threw the officers overboard. Time will develope the mystery.

It is stated that on Saturday evening three men, with each a bag, landed near New Bedford from a small boat. This circumstance may lead to the capture of the crew, who undoubtedly committed the murder.

JOHN Q. ADAMS.

It is an old proverb that it is never too late to learn; and the veteran John Quincy Adams appears disposed, so far as his age will establish the fact, to prove it. During his long life, and through all the volumes of speeches which he has uttered, it is said that he never until within a few weeks pronounced what is called a "stump speech." *He* has as we all know, said as much as any other man alive in debate, or upon set subjects, but he never before took occasion to deliver a long talk upon "matters and things in general," in answer to a complimentary address. It must be acknowledged, however, from a specimen which we give below, that Mr. A. succeeds very well for a beginner!

Having never before visited Saratoga and Niagara, Mr. Adams has been making a tour to those and other places of interest. At Saratoga, and in Rochester, Buffalo, and in other cities, he has been formally waited upon by deputations of citizens without distinction of party. The following is an extract from Mr. Adams's speech at Buffalo. The "old man eloquent" seems in raptures with Niagara:

"What shall I say to you? But as the return for welcome is gratitude, and as gratitude, is somewhat loquacious, I must say something farther to you. What can I say but to congratulate you? I congratulate you then upon your condition in the world. I congratulate you upon that freedom which you enjoy—I wish I could say above all upon earth. I congratulate you upon the land in which you live—a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of mountains and valleys—of mountains, and mountains all over the world are the abodes of liberty. Liberty is a mountain nymph; but beside that general property possessed in every quarter of the globe, you possess a blessing reserved by the Creator for you alone—and that is the phenomenon of which so late in life, I have, within the last four days been a witness.

"Your land is not only a land of mountains, but of cataracts and whirlpools—objects of nature in which the Creator of the world has displayed his sublimest power. In visiting them—in gazing at them—in dwelling upon them, as in the last four days I have done, I have felt somewhat as I seem to feel in your presence. I felt unable to speak. It seemed as if there was a suspension, not only of words, but of thought—that it threw a man, seeing them for the first time, into the condition ascribed to the prophets of old—as if the spirit of God came upon him—as if he saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance having his eyes open. The fall of those dashing and roaring waters—the instant destruction with which we know them to be fraught—the danger, the leap which they tempt us to make and mingle with them—the serene tranquillity of the long river open in vista before them, and the smooth and silent current in which they flow again, after the fall, showing in contrast at one view, the extreme of violence and repose—and above all that rainbow set in cloud, the covenant pledge of God to man, that what in its nature is destruction shall not destroy—form altogether a picture for the imagination which one feels that words cannot express. When the recollection comes that the intelligence and industry of man have made those waters tributary to a great public improvement, and the cataract itself an instrument of the bounty of God for the benefit of the human family, by borrowing from this stupendous wonder of Nature a portion of its stream for manufacturing purposes, we cannot but exclaim, 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Omnipotent!—in wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

AN ABOMINABLE TRICK.

It is a defect in our laws that they provide no means to punish the villian in the following story, which we find in the Rochester Democrat. A young man in that city, whose intemperate habits had reduced his family to want, signed the temperance pledge about eight months since, and for six months kept it faithfully, during which time he had regained his strength, and made his family comparatively comfortable. Some two months ago, he was employed by a tavern-keeper, at whose house he boarded. The landlord, in joke or with worse motives, resolved to make the reformed inebriate break his pledge. To effect this, he mixed whiskey with some ginger beer, which he poured out of a beer bottle, and it was unconsciously drunk by the unfortunate victim. Before he detected the fraud, the poor fellow had tasted the alcohol. His slumbering appetite was revived, and in twenty-four hours he was again drunk. His poor wife and child are again beggared; and none but those who know what a drunkard's family suffers, can conceive the misery which this family has endured since the success of this fiendish plot to destroy their peace.

A case somewhat similar occurred a few years since in New Orleans. A man from New York went out to that city, in part as a Washingtonian delegate. He called upon an old Eastern acquaintance, who was connected with a hotel near New Orleans. This *friend* managed to smuggle alcohol into his drink, for the amusement of some of the bystanders, and the pledge thus once broken, the work was followed up, by raillery and other means, until the victim was made beastly drunk. He sleeps now in Potter's Field—from that "frolic" he never recovered. He could not endure to think of return to his Northern friends—he felt conscious that their respect for him must be forfeit, as he had lost all respect for himself.

WORTH A TRIAL.

The Reading Gazette states that a lady in that vicinity in looking over an old volume found a recipe which purported to be a cure for unproductiveness in apple trees. It was simply to cut from each limb, close to where it diverges from the trunk, a piece of bark about four inches round the limb, and one inch in width, and immediately replace it by tying it on with a rag until it adhered again. Early in the spring she tried the experiment upon a tree ten years old, which had never borne any fruit; leaving, however, two or three of the limbs untouched. The result is, that it is now filled with apples, which bid fair to ripen finely; but it is worthy of remark, that only on those limbs which had been cut is the fruit to be seen. The operation is very simple; and, as it has proved successful in this instance, we have no hesitation in recommending its trial in similar cases.

A CRUEL CASE.

We find the following in the New York Courier, and although as a general rule we avoid the publication of such things, yet to this we give place, as unusual in its incidents, and impressive in its lesson:

"On Thursday night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a shore boat rowed by one man, and containing a young female, came alongside the U. S. ship Independence, lying off Ellis' Island, and on being hailed, the female desired to know if Midshipman ——, was on board. On being answered in the affirmative, she insisted on seeing him, but the officer of the deck told her it was impossible, as not only the regulations of the ship, but the rules of the service forbade it. She urged, implored and entreated, but the officer, actuated by a stern sense of duty, was still compelled to adhere to his original resolution of refusing her admittance on board. Finding that he was inexorable, the young girl, without a moment's thought, sprang from the boat, in which she had been standing, and sunk. A seaman who had been standing in the fore chains, listening to the girl's conversation, saw her make the spring, and as she touched the water he sprang overboard after her, and a few lusty strokes brought him to the spot as she arose. He seized her, and holding her up, the shore boat dropped alongside of them and took in the unfortunate girl and her gallant preserver.

"The officer of the deck had her brought on board, and surmising that something extraordinary must have occurred to induce the female to attempt suicide, he summoned the first lieutenant. When he reached the deck he drew from her a history of the causes which brought her out at that hour of the night in such a place, and it was one of love, confidence, ruin and subsequent desertion.

"The midshipman who was the cause of the poor girl's troubles was called on deck, and being confronted with her, was at once recognized. What steps the first lieutenant then took with the recreant officer we are ignorant of as yet, but the young girl was sent on shore, having first given her address, with the assurance that full and ample justice should be done as soon as the commodore arrives."

FROM TEXAS.

Commodore Moore, with the two Texan vessels under his command, returned to Galveston on the 14th of July. There was quite a turn out of volunteer soldiers and citizens, to welcome the Commodore home. We do not hear any thing of that attack which he was determined to make on the Mexican steamers. Nor do we find that any proceedings have been taken by President Houston against the Commodore. It is said that the whole of the Mexican forces have left the coast of Yucatan, and that commissioners have been appointed on the part of Texas to arrange with the Mexicans the basis of a treaty.

Late accounts from inland Texas, via St. Louis bring intelligence of two rather important affairs. One is a rencounter, on the 5th of July, on the Big Arkansas river between one hundred Mexicans, and one hundred Texans. The fight lasted about half an hour. *Of course* twenty or thirty of the Mexicans were killed, and the rest made prisoners, and *of course*, also, no Texan was hurt, one only receiving a bullet through his hat. The prisoners were afterward released, and returned to the main camp, whereupon the whole force, six hundred in number, took to flight toward Santa Fe. This story would look a little more probable in its details, if the Texans had not escaped so completely unscathed.

The other affair is more probable. A part of Warfield's predatory gang, one hundred in number, crossing over into Arkansas, were made prisoners by the United States troops. They were disarmed, and afterward released, and made their way back, and it is supposed, joined Col. Warfield. The pretext they alleged for being armed, was, that they were "hunters." Hunters of booty, no doubt.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

We learn by a letter from Robert Baird, dated London, June 22d, to the New York Observer, that the seceders from the established church of Scotland, are about to send a delegation to this country for pecuniary aid. Dr. Baird had just returned from a visit to Scotland, where he was surprised to find the seceders, now organized as "The Free Church of Scotland," so numerous and making such progress. Already 470 pastors had given up their places, and he thinks the number of congregations will soon reach 700. The Wesleyans and other Independents in England render them friendly aid. Upwards of a million of dollars had been subscribed in the Kingdom to enable them to build churches, found a Seminary, &c. But much more is needed. Some eighty young men are preparing for the ministry, which is deficient in numbers. Dr. Baird says:

"It is altogether probable that a delegation will be sent to the United States in the autumn, say September or October. I do not know who will go, but it is likely that Dr. Cunningham will be one. Perhaps Mr. Guthrie may accompany him. I have pleaded hard that Dr. Chalmers should go. But he is too much needed at home at this conjuncture, and is withal too old, in his opinion, to cross the Atlantic. Whoever go, however, I am sure they will receive a welcome by all the Presbyterian family of churches, and also by those of other denominations. And I venture to predict that the Congregationalists of New England will not be behind any in point of liberality."

AN INDUSTRIOUS ROGUE.

We seldom find a villain taking so much pains for the lift of a small sum as was recently done in New York. Two or three weeks since the landlady of one of the first rate boarding houses there, received as a boarder in her house, a gentlemanly looking man who represented himself to be a "Front street merchant." After remaining some days, one Sunday morning, as the family were about sitting down to breakfast, the gentleman's clerk came to the house with his letters, on opening one of which he became very much agitated, and after requesting a private interview with the landlady, which being granted, he told a rigmarole story about the insolvency of a firm in Baltimore, that it was necessary to proceed there immediately—that he had no cash to meet the emergency—and concluded by asking the loan of $50, which she gave, taking his gold watch as security for re-payment. As he did not return in time, the watch was examined, and found to be as good as a turnip, with brass cases gilded by the galvanic process. His rusty portmanteau on being opened displayed a fresh and choice assortment of shavings, with two large stones to make it heavy—altogether, the assets of the swindler were remarkably small.

A CAUTION.

The following, which we cut from the Houston Telegraph, certainly has some semblance of reason in it. At any rate, cleanliness should suggest the frequent cleansing of the material of which beds and mattresses are made.

"Few persons, perhaps, are aware that diseases of a dangerous or fatal character may be caused by sleeping on moss or hair mattresses that have been long used. It is a well known fact that decaying vegetable or animal substances give out a foul and unwholesome vapor, and as the moss or hair in old mattresses is often in decomposition, persons who sleep upon them are liable to inhale their vapors and thus contract disease as certain as by inhaling the miasma of a swamp or marsh. It is important, therefore, that all old mattresses, intended for summer use, should be opened and the hair or moss washed clean, and repacked, after it is well dried in a clean tick. By this means the causes of disease will be removed and the mattresses thus repaired, will be as wholesome and as convenient as new. The expense of cleansing and re-packing mattresses is trifling, and when it is considered how much it contributes to health and comfort, few we hope will be disposed to neglect it."

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

The following appears in the Boston Transcript, as written by a lady in Oldtown, Mass., aged ninety-three. If Oldtown has many such old ladies, it need not envy the young ladies of younger towns.

See, said that haughty king, my grandeur rise:
Aspiring Babylon attempts the skies,
Millions shall bow before my awful throne,
And every nation worship me alone!
Whilst yet he spake, a solemn voice from Heaven,
Declares he from his kingdom shall be driven,
To graze with beasts amidst the open fields,
No food save that its ample surface yields.
Unshelter'd every change of season bear,
With them repose upon the sordid lair.
His reason gone, so long with them he ran
He hardly now retained the form of man.
At length a rising ray of reason shines:
His soften'd heart, to piety, inclines—
To Heaven he lifts a supplicating eye,
And finds its gracious succor still is nigh.
Increasing reason re-illumes his mind,
His pride is now subdued, his heart refined,
The lustre of his glory is restored,
Again his courtiers own him for their lord.
His soul refined, and raised by wisdom's ray
He God adores, and owns his powerful sway!

CROTON WATER.

Our New York neighbors seem to have an inexhaustible theme for growling in the Croton Water. Whatever else may come of it, it has been the fountain of newspaper paragraphs. The latest is in the Journal of Commerce, which complains that the City Treasury is robbed of a large amount of money by "individuals acting separately and in combination, who traverse the town in all directions, representing themselves as the authorized agents of the Board to supply cisterns, and furnish dwellings with water, and having performed the stipulated service, by attaching hose, which they carry clandestinely to the hydrants in the neighborhood, charging and receiving adequate remuneration therefor." The loss within a short time resulting from this species of fraud has reached to $80,000.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

While Mr. Wickliffe, Postmaster General of the United States, was on his way from Old Point Comfort to Baltimore, on board the steamer Georgia, on Tuesday, he met with a violent assault. When the passengers were summoned to dinner, Mr. Wickliffe, who was standing on deck, offered his arm to the ladies who were with him, and while in the act of so doing, a man named Gardner, without any previous intimation, suddenly sprang at Mr. Wickliffe, and aimed a powerful blow with a clasp knife at his breast. The blade of the knife struck the right breast bone with such force, and traversed the bone without, it is believed, injuring the lungs or making a deep incision. Lieut. Bradford, of the U. S. Navy, standing close by, instantly seized Gardner in the act of making a second blow at Mr. Wickliffe, and prevented his design. The knife was immediately taken possession of by Lieut. B., and Gardner placed in confinement. Remedies were immediately applied to Mr. Wickliffe's wound, and on his arrival at Baltimore, he was attended by Professor Smith, who, we are happy to learn, entertains the opinion that the wound is not dangerous.

Gardner is a son of Col. C. K. Gardner, formerly First Auditor. He is supposed to be insane, and was committed for examination, immediately on the arrival of the boat at Baltimore.

EXTRAVAGANT AMUSEMENT.

The Army and Navy Chronicle gives a summary of the results of the late experiments on the steam ship Missouri. The experiment has been abandoned, but not "until it has cost the Navy some $50,000 in money, besides a large balance in the shape of ridicule, and the loss to the public service of the vessel." Add to this, the cost of the works themselves, which amounts to $20,000, and the pay of her officers and crew, who have been kept idle for four months, which amounts to $30,000; and there is to foot the bill of costs of the "experiment," the round sum of $100,000, which has been thrown away. It is also stated that "something better," (so the Gazette terms it) is coming. An attempt is to be made on the little steamboat Engineer, to make her paddles go in and come out of the water perpendicularly, and this is to be accomplished by two or three hundred cog wheels on each side! This is a return to John Fitch's first principles, for in that way it was that his paddles were lifted. Uncle Sam pays the piper.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

The Reading Democratic Press gives an account of a frightful accident which occurred on the Railroad, about two miles above that place, on Tuesday morning about 3 o'clock. One train of cars laden with coal, and the other empty, came in collision, breaking and mashing into fragments one, and injuring another, killing two men and wounding five or six others who were on the train. The hands of the train coming down the road escaped uninjured by leaping, but the train from Reading, being much lighter, was completely destroyed. "We repaired to the dreadful scene at day-break, and such a mass of ruins we never looked upon before. The hands were just taking out the mangled body of Mr. Geo. Heckman, who was instantly killed, and shortly afterwards the dead body of Daniel Fornwalt was drawn from the wreck. Gottfried Fornwalt, his father, had one of his legs broken, and injured otherwise, so that he is not likely to recover; Samuel Shults had several ribs broken, and Conrad Fegar, Jr., was also badly wounded."

MORE TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

The New York Courier and Enquirer of yesterday, contains an affidavit signed by nine Norwegian emigrants, stating that a gross imposition had been practised upon them by a person named Khrone, who represented himself as an officer of the United States, duly sworn to protect and promote the interests of Norwegian emigrants, and acting under orders as such, to make a contract with them for their conveyance from New York to Milwaukee, at a cheaper rate than they could otherwise do. In the belief that he was what he stated, they paid him $7 50 each for their passage, and found, when it was too late, that they might have gone equally as well for $4. There is a Society in New York, whose aim it is to prevent such impositions. If its managers would cause their names and address to be as published in Europe, as to reach the eyes of emigrants before embarking, strangers would come to this country forewarned, and of course fore-armed against such gross villainy.

AN INVITATION.

It would appear from the Miners' Journal that the Pottsvillians have made the discovery that their place is worth looking at—nay, even stopping in. But, as the beauties of a spot are never so highly prized by residents as by visiters, it would seem from the Journal that it took strangers to open their eyes. The Journal says:—"Our borough has been honored with a number of visiters and sojourners lately, among whom we have noticed many fashionable arrivals. This year will go far towards verifying our prediction, that Pottsville is destined to become a great place of resort during the hot summer months. A more interesting region, possessing all the necessary requisites for health and luxury, cannot be found anywhere—so come along! all ye tired, hungry, oppressed, and depressed! this is the promised land—this the El Dorado of comfort and enjoyment."

FRANKLIN AS A SPEAKER.

While the American army, in 1775, was besieging Boston, Congress sent to the camp a special committee, at the head of which was Dr. Franklin. Gen. Greene, in a letter dated "Prospect Hill, Oct. 16, 1775," and addressed to Gov. Ward, thus describes the impression which the great philosopher made upon him:—"The Committee from the Congress arrived last evening, and I had the honor to be introduced to that very great man, Dr. Franklin, whom I viewed with silent admiration during the whole evening. *Attention watched his lips, and conviction closed his periods.*" The English language does not contain a more pithy laudatory sentence than that which closes Gen. Greene's notice of Franklin; and from the writings of the philosopher which have come to us, we know that the tribute must have been as just as it was eloquent.

RAILROAD TO BOSTON.

Probably in a year or two, the whole distance from Philadelphia to Boston may be travelled by railroad, broken only by the ferriage to Camden, to New York from Jersey city, to Brooklyn from New York, to Stonington from the point opposite on Long Island, and to Providence from the terminus of the Stonington Railroad. The packing of the passengers' baggage in crates removes all the trouble attendant on the changes, and the ferriage will afford a pleasant relief rather than otherwise. The boats which now ply between New York and Stonington are to be sold by the company owning them, and the proceeds subscribed to Long Island Railroad, which road is intended to run from Brooklyn, L. I. opposite New York, to the point on Long Island opposite Stonington. A portion of the road—about fifty miles, is completed, and in use.

A WESTERN DAM.

A dam has been made across the Milwaukie river 360 feet long and 14 feet high. It is made of trees cut at full length, their but turned down stream, and their tops deeply covered with gravel. It is thought to be one of the safest and strongest kind. This river comes into Lake Michigan on the west side, where a few years ago all was a wilderness. Now it is the eastern terminus of a canal; and at this same Milwaukie, on the dam before mentioned, there are already one iron foundry, a tannery, a woollen factory, and a flouring mill going up soon, though the dam has just been completed. This way of building dams is characteristic of the west, and can only be put in use where people can afford to be prodigal of timber. There is something Herculean in the idea of upsetting a forest into the bed of a river to check its current.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.

The Augusta Chronicle states that a *green* rose has been produced in Bladen, North Carolina. This change in the color of the flower is supposed to have been effected by setting out a common daily rose bush in the spot from which a sumach bush had just been removed, and it is believed that the roots of the two mingled. Our lady readers may try an easy and beautiful experiment, with any flower of a dark hue. Let the petals be exposed to the vapors of ammonia (hartshorn,) and a singular change will be produced in the tint; sometimes green, sometimes a dark purple being produced.

FLOATING TAVERNS.

The Pittsburg Chronicle states that steamboat transportation is now but another name for *tavern keeping* on navigable waters. It costs no more to fit up a boat for the accommodation of travellers, than it does a public house, whilst the charges for a passage are growing cheaper, and the profits come out of the rates for board and lodging. The same plan has been virtually in practice on certain routes for a long time. Fifty cents for a cup of tea, and a peep at a fried clam leaves a handsome profit.

A GOOD MOVE.

A Committee of Naval Officers has been appointed by the National Institute, to confer with the Secretary of the Navy, as to the expediency and mode of carrying into effect certain suggestions by Lieut. Maury, for the extension of information as to the best routes by sea between places which have constant intercourse. Mr. Maury, proposes to the Institute the furnishing of every vessel in the Navy, and as many in the merchant service as can be prevailed upon to cooperate in the project, with a blank chart, having only parallels and meridians drawn upon it to show latitude and longitude, on which the commander shall every day lay off the track of his vessel, record the time of the year, the direction of the winds, the force and set of currents, together with all such observations as can be of use to any future navigator.

DARING ROBBERY.

On Monday last, Mr. G. R. Leffler, iron worker, Pratt street, Baltimore, having received a note requesting him to meet two persons at 8 o'clock, at his foundry, to receive from them an order for ten tons of castings, proceeded there at the time appointed, and had been but a short time in the office when two men came in. They at once commenced negotiations for the work, and continued in conversation until he happened to turn his back, when one of them struck him a violent blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the ground. On recovering from his stupor, he found that he had been robbed of $1275 in cash, which he had on his person, having just returned from Washington, where he had received the money, and which he had not yet had an opportunity to deposit.

LUNATICS.

From a paragraph in the Quebec Mercury, it would appear that the moon is becoming saltatory. It is as follows:

"Last night, between ten and eleven o'clock, a singular phenomenon, in which the moon was concerned, was witnessed by many who then chanced to be abroad. The moon fell down, apparently, the space of several feet, and then jumped suddenly back again to her old place; continuing her saltatory eccentricity several times. This singular sight took place in the direction of the valley of the St. Charles, and was doubtless caused by the delusive agency of the heavy mist at that time uprising thence. It spread terror, we are informed, among the superstitiously disposed of the lower classes, who really believed the Miller consummation to be at hand."

CHRISTINA COCHRAN.

We stated last week that the counsel of this person, claimed under the treaty, as a murderess, by the English authorities, had proceeded to Washington. We learn that the President has directed him to lay all the points of his case before the Attorney General. In the mean time no order will be issued for the surrender of the prisoner to the British authorities. A formal demand has been made for her by the British Minister at Washington.

We learn from the New York Tribune that the prisoner will no doubt be given up forthwith to the British authorities, the Government at Washington being determined fully to carry out the treaty.

THE STATE PRISON MURDER.

Abner Rogers Jr., who killed the warden of the State Prison, at Charlestown, Mass., has been so successfully defended on the ground of insanity that the jury failed to agree. They stood eight for acquittal, and four for conviction. The strongest witnesses for the prisoner were the officers of the prison, several of whom, it was proved, had expressed their doubts of the prisoner's sanity, before the murder; and it was shown also that it had been represented to the deceased warden, that the condition of the man's mind was of a character to demand investigation. The subject was under consideration at the time the murder was committed.

CAMP MEETING.

For several days last week there was held a camp meeting at Gloucester Point, N. J., a few miles from this city. Through the whole the religious portion of the assembly conducted themselves with decorum, and until Sunday there was no disturbance of any kind. On that day, a large number of ruffians who had repaired to the spot, maddened by liquor, conducted themselves in a most unseemly and outrageous manner; disturbing those who were engaged in religious exercises, by rushing rudely among them, and cutting the ropes of the various tents under which the people were congregated, and then assaulting defenceless females.

ANOTHER COMET.

In a letter to a gentleman in New York, from the White Mountains, N. H., July 26, the writer says: "Last night at Conway, I discovered a comet, the same to all appearance we had a short time ago. This extended from the eastern horizon upward, whilst that one was from the west. It was visible for about ten minutes only, and seemed to fade away instead of sinking below the horizon. To-night it is cloudy, and has not been visible here. If it has not been seen in New York, make its appearance here known, that persons may look out for it. I fancy that but few saw it in this region." Qu. Did the writer himself see a comet?

FATHER MATHEW.

The editor of the Albany Evening Journal, in one of his letters from Ireland, says:—"The portraits we have drawn of this excellent man are so faithful, that had I met him accidentally in the street I should have recognized and *spoken* to him as 'Father Mathew.' I say that I should have *spoken* to him, because there is so much of gentleness and benevolence—so much to admire and love—in his face and form, that you could not pass him. I have never seen so many of the bright and beautiful virtues so bloom and blend in this good man's heart, displayed and revealed in the 'human face divine.'"

LOWELL.

We perceive by the papers that the Manchester of America is now in high prosperity. The Lowell Courier remarks, that Lowell is certainly the queen city in manufactures in this country, and her rapid growth is equal to that of any of those Western cities, of which we often hear much said. The mills are all now in full operation. New buildings are going up in various parts of the city—many of them beautiful three story brick buildings, which when finished will add much to the beauty and elegance of the place. One or two churches, and a new factory are in progress.

A CONSUMMATE VILLAIN.

A scoundrel named Maltitz, who came over from Bremen in the ship Goethe, Capt. Homann, which arrived at Baltimore on Tuesday of last week, contrived to ingratiate himself with many of the passengers, and obtained from them over $1000 in all, on the pretence of paying their passage to their several destinations. Immediately on landing he disappeared in a coach, and has not since been heard of. When it is remembered with what infinite pains the funds of emigrants are collected, and how little they will bear reduction, this villainy seems the more atrocious.

EX-CHANCELLOR KENT.

The Bar of the State of New York (through delegates assembled at the recent session of the Supreme Court in Utica) voted an address to be presented to that truly eminent jurist and estimable citizen, ex-Chancellor Kent, on his attaining the age of four score years; and also passed a resolution inviting him to a public dinner to be given at Albany or Saratoga at such time as he may appoint. On Monday last the ex-Chancellor completed his eightieth year, and the Address was presented by the sub-committee, of which Hon. John Duer is Chairman.

BURNING FORESTS.

By the long drought, and consequent tinder like character of the grass and stubble, the woods in various parts of the country have burned this season to a great extent. Portland, (Maine) was exposed to imminent danger last week; and for about a week previous to the 26th ult., a great fire raged in the Pine forest near Barnegat, and at one time serious fears were entertained, that that town would be destroyed. But fortunately the flames received a timely check, and although not yet extinguished, yet the fears for the time have passed.

PROFITABLE FARMING.

The Buffalo Advertiser says that Mr. Alonzo L. Fish, of Herkimer, from only twenty cows, made last season 13,996 pounds of excellent cheese, besides 301 pounds of good butter. To say nothing of the latter, there was a product equal to 700 pounds of cheese to each cow! The cheese received the premium at the Herkimer cattle show. At the low price of five cents a pound, Mr. Fish's dairy would have cleared for him $35 per cow, exclusive of the butter which it furnished.

A DECREASE.

The number of passengers from foreign places, who arrived at the port of New York during this year, up to the 28th of July, was 26 249. The arrivals during the same period last year, was 51,573, which shows a decrease in the arrivals of this year, as compared with those of last, of 25,324.

CONVICT LABOR.

Many persons in New York, where the subject has been much discussed, are of the opinion, that the present mode of employing prisoners in the State and city prisons, is defective and liable to just and serious objections. The mode recommended, for employing prisoners, is *in making roads*. Such a plan must, however, not only involve great additional expense in guarding, &c., but require a departure from the moral discipline, which has within a few years been introduced. Its expediency is more than doubtful; as it is in fact a retrograde movement.

IMPORTANT FROM HAYTI.

The schooner Currency, Capt. Sharp, at this port, brings important intelligence from Hayti, via Kingston. It is stated that a French Admiral, with five ships of war, arrived at Hayti, 5th ult. The precise object of their visit did not transpire, but coupling it with the late transaction there, no doubt was entertained but that France was solicitous to take Hayti under her protection. The Haytiens were desirous to return to their allegiance, and manifested most friendly feelings towards the French officers.

THE LAST TRICK.

A fellow has been arrested, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, at Oswego, for the singular offence of counterfeiting Perch by sewing on the heads of Suckers to the bodies of the former fish. As this is an offence not mentioned on the statute books, it will puzzle the "learned in the law" to decide upon the legal principles involved. Whenever this ingenious rogue gets clear, we advise him to turn his experience to the manufacture of mermaids.

IRON STEAMBOATS.

Beside the iron steamboats built at Pittsburgh in this State, six or seven have been built at New York within the last eighteen months. They are all built with the propellor, instead of side wheels. The sheets or sheathing for the bottom and sides are usually of Pennsylvania iron; the knees, &c., of Virginia. A great business will be driven in this mode of boat building, and a new value thereby be given to the metallic wealth of this State.

GIRLS, DO YOU HEAR THIS!

During the year 1841, 926 women made application in France, for separation from their husbands; while the husbands who applied, only amounted to 59 in number. Now whether the husbands are more patient and willing to endure their wives, or whether the men run away from their wives instead of begging to have their wives taken away, are questions, for solving which we have no data. Ladies, what do you think?

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

Two trains on the Utica and Schenectady railroad came in collision last week, but although there were nearly three hundred persons upon them, not a life was lost, or a limb broken. One train only had passengers—the other was empty—the locomotive, and the cars on the empty train were dashed to atoms. The engineers of each train reversed the action of the engines, and jumped off, before the concussion took place.

A BAD BEGINNING.

The house occupied by the Rev. Mr. Payne, in Litchfield, Conn., was burned to the ground the other day. This is the first dwelling house destroyed in that town within the memory of the present generation. This is decidedly a bad beginning for the present generation; and the less they enter into incendiary fashions, the better; notwithstanding that they would be all in the fashion by so doing.

ELECTIONS.

On Thursday of this week, North Carolina and Tennessee held their elections; on Monday next, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Alabama do likewise. North Carolina and Illinois elect members of Congress only; Kentucky elects members of Congress and all her Legislature but a part of the Senate; Tennessee, Indiana and Alabama elect Governor, members of Congress and Legislature.

THE CHINESE ENVOY.

The steamship Missouri has sailed for the Mediterranean, with Mr. Cushing, the Minister to China, on board. Mr. C. goes over land from the Mediterranean to India, whence some one of the American vessels in the Indian seas will take him to Canton.

THE BOOK TRADE.

The thirty-eighth New York Trade Sale of books, stereotype plates, stationery, &c., will take place by Bangs, Richards & Platt, 196 Broadway, August 28th, and following days. The catalogue occupies 140 pages.

GOING OUT.

We learn from the Exeter News Letter, that the charters of more than half the Banking Institutions in New Hampshire have expired, or are about expiring. It will be hard work in that State to obtain renewals.

A DISCOVERY.

A genuine picture by Reubens has been discovered in Sheffield, England. The painting represents "The Triumph of Christianity." Who vouches for its genuineness, and on what grounds?

A TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Spirituous liquors have been banished from the U. S. ship Levant, except in the surgeon's department. The officers have abolished the use of wine, and the crew have stopped their grog.

General News.

Extensive Robbery.—The iron-chest of Wm. P. Webb, Register in Chancery at Eutaw, Alabama, was broken open on the 15th, said by the papers of that place, by Lawrence Johnson, Clerk to Mr. Webb, and $4000 stolen therefrom. Johnson broke open, with a hatchet, a desk in which was the key of the safe, unlocked the safe, pocketed the money, hired a horse at a livery stable, and put off at nine o'clock on Saturday night. The robbery was not detected till Monday morning, when officers were sent after the culprit in every direction, and he was traced to Gainesville, but no farther. It is supposed he has steered for Texas. He is a youth 18 or 19 years of age. A reward of $500 is offered for his apprehension.

Bold Rogues.—The iron safe in the office of Mr. John Kerr, in West street, New York, was robbed on Thursday week of $500 in bank notes, together with valuable papers, while the business of the day was progressing. The money was locked in the drawer of the safe, but the safe door was open. The ingenuity of the New York Police ferreted out the daring rogues, and by the restoration of the money, removed the clerks in Mr. Kerr's from a most painful position. The rogues, Wm. Russell, John B. Medler, and Joseph Warner, have been consigned to the Tombs.

Death in the Cars.—Not a little sensation was produced in the train from Boston to New Bedford, on Saturday afternoon, in consequence of the death of an infant child of Mr. Michael O'Neal, of Fall River, aged about ten months. It appears that the child had been previously indisposed, and at the time of its death was closely wrapped around with a blanket, the weather also being unusually warm, and in this situation it was discovered to have stopped breathing in its mother's arms.

A Pedestal, composed of two blocks of beautifully hammered Quincy granite, the base one weighing fifteen tons, and the die twenty-three tons, has recently been forwarded to Washington, D. C., upon which is to be placed Greenough's Colossal Statue of Washington. On the die part is tastefully wrought the following appropriate sentiment—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Better Times.—The New York Journal of Commerce says:—"A Boston merchant informs us that factory stocks have arisen one third on the par value. Stocks which were so much depressed, so as not to be worth more than a third of the par, which was the case with many of the establishments, have doubled in value. People begin to see the land, and that makes all the difference in the world."

A Noble Captain.—The Detroit Daily Advertiser, says that Captain Taylor, of the steamboat Daniel Webster, running between Detroit and Buffalo, is the fast friend of the printers; and as evidence of it, he will carry editors free; and deduct one dollar from the fare of every passenger who will exhibit proof that he takes a newspaper, *and has paid for it in advance.*

Great Telescope.—The New York Evening Post of Friday week, says, Mr. Lowenberg, an optician of that city, is engaged in constructing the largest refracting telescope we have ever had in the country. He has obtained from a glass manufactory at Boston, an eight and a half inch glass, which is larger than any in the telescopes in use here.

Great Sailing.—The brig Antelope arrived at Holmes Hole, (Martha's Vineyard,) Thursday morning week, in 14½ hours from New York; being at the rate of full twelve miles an hour.

Escape.—Bernardo G. Lombard, the German arrested for attempting to pass Mexican coin at Williamsburgh, a day or two since, seems, as well as Nason and his companions, likely to escape, Mexican coin not forming a portion of the legal currency of the country, and the United States Court, in consequence, not having jurisdiction of the case.

Accident from Fire-arms.—In a good humored scuffle, a few days ago, between two boys for the possession of a loaded gun, in the harvest field of Mr. John Brown, Middlesex township, Butler Co., Pa., the gun accidentally went off, and its contents, lodging in the body of one of them, instantly killed him.

Old Ladies.—Four ladies met at Boston on Friday of last week, whose united ages were 286 years, the oldest 75, the youngest 66; average 71½ each. The oldest but one, who is in her 74th year, made a journey from Michigan, a distance of one thousand miles.

Mississippi Banks.—Gen. Brinson, in the Legislature of Mississippi, on the 14th ult., introduced a bill to wind up all the Banks in the State by judicial proceedings. It was read the first and second time, and 250 copies were ordered to be printed.

Bituminous Coal.—The Bradford Porter, published at Towanda, Pa., states that the proprietors of the extensive Bituminous coal beds in that vicinity, are preparing to enter pretty largely into the mining process during the coming fall.

Great Fire.—The Printworks of Mr. Israel Saunders, in Providence, were destroyed by fire last week—loss $25,000, the greater part of which was covered by insurance.

☞ At Pensacola, on the 15th ultimo, the woods in its vicinity had, for two weeks previous, been thronged with locusts, whose noise resembled the croaking of frogs.

A Court House Burnt.—The Court House at Perryville, Perry county, Tennessee, was consumed by fire on the night of the 10th ult.

☞ The Providence Journal, says it is currently reported that Dutee J. Pearce is to be appointed Postmaster of that city.

☞ The editor of the N. Y. Mercury, says he does not believe musquitoes are contagious, because he can't catch 'em.

☞ The Richmond (Va.) Library of 1500 choice volumes, is to be sold to satisfy debts of $700.

☞ Four thousand strangers arrived at Saratoga during the week ending July 29th.

Local Intelligence.

The County Board.—The County Board met on Monday last pursuant to adjournment, and transacted various business, principally in relation to claims, private and otherwise. The school house question was taken up, and a resolution was passed that the proviso of May 25th, forbidding the erection of new school houses, shall not be construed to prevent the erection of school houses in the 5th, 6th, and 11th section, the cost not to exceed $20,000. But before the Board separated, they passed a resolution, nine to eight, that their meeting, being an adjournment from a meeting at which there was no quorum, was illegal! A regular meeting will be called in ten days.

A Novel Case.—Franklin R. Street against Saml. McMinn. This was a civil action on the penalty for harboring a female who is bound to the plaintiff under the act of Assembly of 1770. It appears that she came to the house of Mr. McMinn on the 4th of July—Mr. McM. told her to go home, but she was afterward secreted in his house by one of the inmates and remained there until the evening of the 5th, when she returned to her master. The case came up before Alderman Redman on Tuesday, who gave judgment in favor of the plaintiff. The penalty is 3s a day.

County Water Works.—The commissioners appointed by the districts of the Northern Liberties, Spring Garden and Kensington, for erecting works to supply those districts with water, met on Monday and organized by the election of Alexander Cummings, President, and George Williams, Secretary. The Kensington commissioners did not accede to the organization, on account of that district not being placed on an equal footing with the other districts as regards the amount of revenue to be derived.

Murder.—Late on Sunday evening an altercation took place at the house of Joseph Moreto, in Market street, above Twelfth, between three Italians named James Brenioro, Joseph Costa and James Grillo,—during which, Brenioro drew a knife and stabbed Grillo in the abdomen, and Costa in the thigh. Grillo was taken to the hospital, where he died of his wound on Monday morning at 7 o'clock.

Dedication.—The Howard T. A. Society dedicated their new hall, in Shippen street, above Third, on Monday. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Chambers, Grant and others, which were listened to with attention, and frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, from an audience that filled the building and a considerable portion of the street also.

Christ Church Steeple.—The repainting of the water plates on Christ Church steeple, has been completed. The action of the water on the copper had corroded the paint, and left the plates quite bare, producing any thing but a pleasing effect to the eye. The defect has been remedied, and the steeple again appears as beautiful as ever.

The Weather.—The average heat of the month of July for the year 1840 was 81 74; for 1841, 83, 80; 1842, 82 67; 1843, 82 67. The hottest day during the last four years was Sunday, July the 2d, when the thermometer at the Pennsylvania Hospital, from whose tables of the weather the above was compiled, was 97 degrees.

Emigrants.—The fine packet ship Monongahela, Capt. Turley, arrived at this port from Liverpool on Friday week, with a full cargo, and sixty-eight passengers, principally of the laboring class. The ship General Harrison, Moore, which arrived at our port on Saturday in 38 days from Londonderry, has 138 steerage passengers.

Railroad Changes.—There has recently been a change of hours for starting of the cars on the Philadelphia and Pottsville Railroad. The trains up and down leave Philadelphia and Pottsville an hour later than heretofore, and consequently pass each station on the road an hour later.

Military Court of Inquiry.—The Court of Inquiry convened for the purpose of considering charges preferred against Col. Z. W. Lassell, some time since, have reported their decision, by which they entirely exonerate the colonel from the charges.

Extensive Robbery.—The jewellery store, No. 10 Minor street, was entered in the course of Sunday night or Monday morning, and robbed of gold in bars, diamonds, coins, bank notes and other property. A reward of $1000 is offered.

The Rioters.—Patrick Conry has been bound over in $2000, as one of the persons who, on a recent occasion so cruelly assaulted Alderman Hoffner.

Rain.—The quantity of rain which fell during the month of July, as shown by the rain gauge at the hospital, was 4.543 inches.

Educational.

Georgetown College.—The annual commencement exercises of this institution took place on the 25th of July, and were attended by a large and gratified audience. The degree of A. M. was conferred on Lieut. J. Melville Gillis, U. S. N., and George Watterston, Esq., of Louisiana. The degree of A. B. was conferred on Florence J. O'Sullivan, of Pennsylvania, John L. Kirkpatrick, of Georgia, and Wm. Marbury and Walter Smith, of the District of Columbia.

Transylvania University.—At the commencement of this institution which came off at Lexington, the performances were interesting to the community, and highly creditable to the young gentlemen engaged and the Faculty. Mr. Clay, Gov. Letcher, Judge Robertson, and other distinguished men of Kentucky, were present.

Union College.—The Trustees of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., have elected Judge Kent, of New York and Bishop Hedding of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to fill the two subsisting vacancies in the Board.

☞ The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Howard Malcolm, of the Baptist Church, late of Boston, at the Annual Commencement of Union College on Wednesday week.

☞ The annual commencement of Emory College, Ga., was celebrated on the 18th and 19th instant. Governor McDonald was present during the exercises.

☞ The Rev. E. Thomas has accepted the chair of Professor of Philosophy of the Human Mind and of Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan.

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Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorised to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE KNICKERBOCKER *for August. Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.* The old correspondents of Diedrich keeps up its old character. It always reminds us of a pleasant and most companionable old gentleman, young in feelings, and taking liberties with its readers which no young Maga would dare to do, albeit pleasant liberties. "The Quod Correspondence," "The Polygon Papers," and other running heads, have become by repetition a part of the title of the Magazine. Nevertheless, as they are all good, we do not object. This sort of "conservative policy" in getting up a magazine, is a relief amid the endeavors to make continual "flares up" (Qu. flare-ups?) which we find in other periodicals.

The Editor's department is always a pleasant piece of Mosaic work. He manages to snap up and preserve "unconsidered trifles," which give pleasant variety to the pages of the magazine. It is amusing, however, to find some of the papers crediting these things to the Knickerbocker as new. The following old affair, which we find in the present number is well worth repeating:

THE NOVEL-READER.

'Twas very sweet of a summer's eve,
To hear her talk and sing
Of stars, and dews, and rocks, and caves,
And all that sort of thing.
I loved her for her mild blue eye,
And her sweet and quiet air;
But I'm very sure that I didn't see
The novel on the chair.
I longed to have a quiet wife,
For a noise quite drives me frantic;
But to be a novel-reader's spouse
Is any thing but romantic.
The live long day does LAURA read
In a cushioned easy-chair,
In slipshod shoes, and a dirty gown,
And tangled, uncombed hair.
The children look like beggars' brats,
And little have they of breeding;
Yet this is but one of the many ills
That flow from novel-reading.
For oh! the meals! I'm very sure,
You ne'er did see such 'feeding;'
For the beef is burnt, and the veal is raw,
And all from novel-reading.
The bed-room's very like a sty,
And the kitchen seems a stable;
The lap-dogs litter the parlor o'er,
And the nursery is a Babel.
Ho! youth in search of a quiet wife,
Before to the shrine you lead her,
Take care, I pray you, take good care,
That she isn't a novel-reader.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE *for August* has been on our table for more than a week. It is superior even to the July number, both in contents and embellishments—the latter of which consist of a view of Saratoga Lake, engraved on steel by A. L. Dick; a plate of fashions which is quite a novelty, being printed in blue; and a most superb red japonica, with a butterfly, both drawn and colored after nature, under the superintendence of Mrs. Hill of Philadelphia, a celebrated teacher of painting in water colors. Nothing equal to this embellishment has yet appeared in any magazine. Mr. Peterson's book appears with a new cover this month; a beautiful pattern of lace encircles the title page, in the centre of which is placed an emblematic vignette. The literary contents are excellent. Mrs. Stephens continues "Anna Taylor," a thrilling story whose conclusion we anxiously await. There is a dash at "old Bachelors" by a new correspondent, and a good story by Miss Mary Davenant, one of the most popular of female writers. Besides these, there are articles in tales and poetry, to the number of twenty. The press speak of it in high terms.

"The August number of this valuable and useful work has already been received, and after a hasty perusal of its richly adorned pages, we feel confident that it fully realises that merit which has been awarded it by the newspaper press throughout the State. We are much pleased to learn that the late improvement made in the work has been appreciated in a right manner. The embellishments are *the most varied and beautiful of the month.*"—*Dem. Press, York, Pa.*

"Mr. Peterson appears determined to render his periodical attractive and successful. The August number is beautifully embellished, and contains several admirable articles. The list of contributors embrace the names of a number of our most popular writers. The leading article is by Mrs. Stephens." —*Inquirer, Philadelphia.*

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, No. 12. *Harper & Brothers.* This number brings the annalist up to the close of the Moscow campaign, at which dread hour the star of Napoleon, so long ascendant, began to decline towards the sea of blood in which it set. Mr. Alison has views on this campaign which are directly opposed to the popular ones. He contends that it was not so much the cold as it was the vigor and numbers of the Russian light horse, continually hovering in the rear, which ruined the grand army. The retreat, on the part of the French was in several bodies, with an interval of miles between each, consequently the Cossacks could be concentrated on one portion, and after its defeat led to another. Had Napoleon established magazines along the line of his march, on his advance to Moscow, he might have been able to have secured a good retreat, in spite of the clouds of light horse; but, failing to do this, says Alison, he fell. It is a well attested fact that the Russian army lost more men by exposure than the French; and this might have been expected; for the inhabitants of temperate climes always endure extremes of heat and cold better than the denizens of tropical or frigid zones. The whole narrative of the Moscow campaign, as found in Alison, is one of the most brilliant verbal pictures we remember to have read. The work may be had in this city of Zieber & Co., Perkins & Purves, and of W. H. Graham.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. *By Albert Barnes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.* Perhaps no commentator has been so successful in blending information for the general reader, and interest for the critical, as Mr. Barnes; and none has more skilfully carried historical and purely literary emotions with practical suggestions. Previously to the issue of this work we have had several others, on Isaiah, on the Gospels, and other portions of sacred writ; all of which have been widely purchased; and the notes on the Gospels in particular, have had a sale equal to any work of the kind in the language. Such a sale is not always we know, a proof of merit, but in this case endorsement of general approval has been worthily bestowed. The announcement of a commentary on the Hebrews by Mr. Barnes, is sufficient to ensure universal enquiry for it.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY, *Part 12. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—The publication of this work in numbers is now one half completed. With the additions on American subjects by Thomas Bradford, it is one of the most complete and valuable works extant; its illustrative engravings adding much to its usefulness.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY.—The August number of this work is embellished with two mezzotints, one a beautiful cottage scene, "The Wish," the other an elegantly finished portrait of Lord Brougham. Its contents cover 144 pages, and we are informed by the publisher that this is to be the usual quantity in future; but that the work will be issued twice per month, instead of monthly as heretofore—each number containing seventy-two pages. Among the articles in the present number we find a paper from the United Service Journal, "Historical Reminiscences Concerning Navigation," accompanied by an illustrative engraving of a flying ship, which looks as much like flying as Mr. Henson's. This number concludes the first year and third volume of the work, and is such an one as will make every reader look forward with anxious expectation to the next. If it equal this nothing more can be desired.

THE ECLECTIC MUSEUM. *Edited by J. H. Agnew. New York and Philadelphia: E. Littell.* The embellishment for the August number is a mezzotint by Sartain "The Enchanted Island," from a picture by Danby. The style of engraving is in keeping with the subject, and altogether it forms a charming picture. In the pages of the Museum we have articles from the British Critic, Bentley's Miscellany, Frazier's, Tait's, and the New Monthly Magazines, the United Service, Asiatic, and Chambers Journals, the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Reviews, the Christian Spectator, the Observer, and other British periodicals of standard merit. The shorter miscellany is abundant, and all the details of the number are well executed.

PRODUCTIVE FARMING; *or a Familiar Digest of the recent Discoveries in Vegetable Chemistry. By Joseph A. Smith. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* This work appears in two editions, the cheaper in flexible covers for transmission my mail; a fact which will greatly enhance its usefulness. It is an attempt to present in popular language the discoveries of Liebig, Johnstone, Davy and others, on agriculture; with the view of giving those whose leisure does not permit them to pursue more elaborate studies, the practical benefit of recent publications. Every farmer should buy it; if only as a companion for the other works.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE, *or Answers to Messrs. Burgess, Duer, and Mackenzie. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Cooperstown: H. & E. Phinney. Philadelphia: W. H. Graham.* This is a pamphlet of 116 pages, called out by comments upon Mr. Cooper's Naval History, and upon his biography of Com. Perry, in Graham's Magazine. It is vigorously written and will command the attention of all, and they are thousands, who are willing to examine both sides upon the mooted question of Com. Elliott's share in the battle of Lake Erie; for that, is the point at issue.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW. *New York: Langleys. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* The number of this work for August, has a portrait of Hon. Wm. R. King. Among the contributors we have Joseph C. Neal, Hawthorn, Whittier, Tuckerman, Lowell, Brownson, Harry Franco, Mrs. Ellett, and others. Mr. Tyler gets another pretty severe fling from the editor, by way of "palliation" of the last—queer palliation, by the way. The magazine opens with a paper on the Irish Repeal Question.

THE ILLUSTRATED COMMON PRAYER. *Philadelphia: W. H. Graham.* The Eighth number of this work is embellished with twelve illustrations, after Rembrandt, Bird, Paul Veronese, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others, the subjects of which are among the most beautiful in the whole book. The initial letters are also beautifully executed, and the whole appearance of the number is highly creditable. When this work is finished, it will make one of the richest, in point of execution, ever issued.

THE COMMUNICANT'S COMPANION. *By the Rev. Matthew Henry. With an Introductory Essay, by the Rev. John Brown. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.* This work is as well timed in its publication, as excellent in its teachings. Certain events to which we need not now more particularly refer, having awakened all Christians upon the subject of which it treats.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.—No. 7 of Messrs. Carey & Hart's beautiful serial edition of Moore's Byron is published. It is one of the cheapest of the works published in numbers, and, to a man of finical taste in his books this mode of issue affords an opportunity to consult whom in the binding.

THE LATE ORDINATION.—Rev. Mr. Haight, of New York, one of the gentlemen who decided in favor of the late ordination of Mr. Carey, of which so much has been said, has given his reasons, in a letter to a parishioner. It is for sale at Appleton's.

MEREDITH. *By Lady Blessington. Zieber & Co. and W. H. Graham.*—This is a cheap reprint of a new novel by one who has been a most successful furnisher of this description of literature. It will be read by all novel readers.

MARCO PAULO.—Two more numbers of this interesting juvenile traveller are received by Zieber & Co., as is also the Boys' and Girls' Magazine for August. Better publications of the kind there are not, than these.

SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.—This mirth moving book, by Judge Haliburton, has been republished in a cheap form by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. It is one of the wittiest affairs that have appeared for many a day.

☞ E. H. Butler has published a catalogue of his stock, which will be found an admirable labor-saver to many seekers for rare books.

MORRIS GRAEME, or, The Cruise of the Sea Slipper, is the title of a new story by Ingraham, just received by Van Yorx.

☞ Colon continues the prompt publication in this city, of the Mirror, Rover, and other highly esteemed periodicals.

Miscellaneous News

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS.—The N. O. Tropic has been favored with the following extract from a letter addressed to a gentleman of that city, dated at Baggy Fort, near Fort Towson, July 3, 1843:—"The wild Indians have again commenced plundering and murder. A settlement, thirty miles from this place, was attacked last week, a number of horses stolen and one man shot—a party of troops start to-day for the prairies, in pursuit. The Texians who went out to intercept the Santa Fe traders, are looked for in every day."

AN IMPORTANT FACT IN MESMERISM.—The Belfast Signal, states that a surgical operation was performed in that town on Saturday last, under the Mesmeric influence. A lady was thrown into the Mesmeric state by Mr. P. P. Quimby, and a polypus extracted from her nose by Dr. Wheelock, in the presence of several citizens, and the subject is reported to have given no signs of pain. This experiment has converted many of the unbelievers into the full faith of the science.

A CRASH.—After J. Q. Adams had finished an address to the people at Rochester, N. Y., the other day, just as he was stepping from the platform, the whole structure gave way with the weight of the persons who surrounded the ex-President, and precipitated the entire mass of human beings in one undistinguished pile into the vacant space beneath, by a fall of some five or six feet. Mr. Adams escaped a fall, and fortunately none of those who fell were seriously injured.

OSTENTATION.—A man named T. N. Gadsden, on Friday of last week, walked up to the ticket office of the Eastern Railroad, to pay his fare, and in doing so displayed $275 in gold and bank notes which he had wrapped up in a handkerchief. The money attracted attention, and it was not long after it had been returned to his coat pocket before a *chevalier d'industrie* possessed himself of handkerchief, money and all.

HOAXING A GOVERNOR.—Some time since it was proposed to invite President Tyler to visit Cincinnati, a large number of signatures were obtained to the invitation, or at least one of them, which were afterwards affixed to a petition for the pardon of a convict, named Green McDonald; and the petition being sent to Governor Shannon, the fellow was let out of "durance vile."

RUM OR NO RUM.—The authorities of Portland, Maine, last week adopted a resolution, that the public good does not require that any person should be licensed to sell intoxicating drinks in the city of Portland, during the ensuing year; and that it is not necessary to license any person for that purpose.

☞ Another monster steamboat called the Knickerbocker, only thirty feet shorter than the "Empire," is now nearly completed at New York. She is to ply as a night boat between New York and Albany, and is fitted up with state-rooms throughout.

☞ Messrs. A. & C. Herr, of Lancaster county, Pa., have raised this year thirteen hundred pounds of silk worm cocoons, which they intend to manufacture into sewing and other silks.

WASHINGTON.—We learn from the last annual communication of the Mayor of the city of Washington to the Board of Aldermen and Board of Common Council, that the total value of real and personal property within that city in August, 1842, was $9,712,553. This amount is exclusive of the value of the property of the United States within the city, which is estimated at about $6,000,000 more.

POISONED.—The Elmira, N. Y., Gazette states that at Southport, a few days since, a wedding party of twenty-five persons, had their lives put in peril, in consequence of eating a wedding cake, covered with sugar sand, which appears to have been made of a new article, called French green, containing arseniate of copper, a substance highly poisonous.

☞ The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, says there are two millions of dollars paid annually for stockings, and notices a stocking manufactory at the Cohoes on the Mohawk, which makes $600,000 per annum of coarse hose, and by machinery so constructed that one man can perform as much as eight on the European plan.

☞ On the night of Friday last, a fire occurred at Port Deposite, Md., which resulted in destroying the Methodist parsonage, the dwelling of Mr. Elijah Reynolds and carpenter's shop, and dwelling of Mr. Snow, who lost nearly all his household affairs. The estimated loss is supposed to be about $5000. No insurance.

☞ True Bills have been found at New Orleans against Jno. M. Breedlove and Marshall C. Holliday for stealing and altering the cancelled treasury notes. The jury ignored the bills against Isaiah Ryngers and Joseph G. Jewell. They will be detained as witnesses.

☞ The flag designed for the China mission was manufactured out of American Silk, by J. W. Gill, of Mt. Pleasant, Ohio. It is 150 feet in length; stripes, crimson and white, 15 inches wide; the square 8½ feet long, 3 feet 9 inches wide, of a beautiful blue.

☞ We see it stated in a recent number of the Pittsburg Advocate, that the clip of this year in Washington county, will be at least 800,000 pounds, worth $240,000. Some farmers, it is stated, have received for this year's fleece as high as $2000.

☞ The Debating Society near Waterville, Me., says the Blade of that town, recently discussed the following important question:—"Does lightning fall down, or is it fired off?"

☞ The growing of Wool has so much increased in the northern part of Missouri, that the erection of steam mills in that quarter, for the purpose of carding it, has commenced.

☞ Out of forty-four persons, who receive pensions from Government, whose names begin with S, there are sixteen by the name of Smith, and four John Smiths.

☞ The drought has been so severe in the Connecticut Valley, that the farmers have been obliged to feed out hay to their cattle, there being no grass in the fields.

☞ The English government are talking of completing a Railroad from Calcutta to Delhi, 880 miles, which will convey troops rapidly to revolting provinces.

☞ About 161 persons, of above 100 years of age, die yearly in France.

Correspondence.

FUN DOWN EAST.

Jack Connger's Letter from Newport,

TO THE EDITOR.

Have you ever fished for tautog? Never!—pon my word, you've no notion, then, of what fishing is, and I'd advise you, as you hope for good report among your fellow men, to come down to Newport in the next boat, and take no rest, day nor night, till you have caught a tautog for breakfast. Talk of your perch fishing in the Delaware,—why, sir, I once fished for three hours in Salem Creek and did not so much as get a bite, except from three infernal eels, which I threw overboard in a passion—and I count myself as apt a hand—though I say it that I shouldn't say it, to use old aunt Mary's favorite phrase—as there is in the twenty-seven States. But here, you've but to put out your line scientifically and directly with a tug, tug, that makes the cockles of your heart rejoice, you feel a noble fellow at the bait, and with a dexterous pull, you have him on board, ready to be baked, broiled or boiled, as you choose, and a feast for the gods either way! Then there's scup, which you may catch by the cart load. Come along, sir, and let us show you where fishing is fishing.

Here we are at the pier. A noble a sail boat that, sir, as ever floated. She belongs above and they call her the Louise, and of all craft to sail into the eye of the wind she's the sharpest. Why, sir, she can run around your common boats like a greyhound. Here she goes—haul in that sheet to bring her closer to the wind, we shall have to beat around the first point—now we have it on the larboard let her travel—there she comes up on the other tack—why, what a sprinkling; she thumped gallantly there—never mind, captain, if we do get wet, who cares? Now she has it free, and away we go, skimming along on the top of the waves, a sort of double patent Henson's Flying Machine with a cross of the cut-water. How the water bubbles along the side, and whirls by the rudder astern. We are driving like a racer, and are almost at the end of our run. Ah! here we are. Get out the anchor, my lads, and stand by to let go—there, she rocks easy—and here's the Dolphin, which from time immemorial, has been the fishing ground of fishing grounds. Out with your lines—by the memory of King Philip—there's a double load, one on each hook, and here another, and another and another—wriggle, flounce and splutter about there to your heart's content, old fellows, we'll have the eating of you before noon, and you may thank your lucky stars if we don't fry you kicking.

What a load! Take the freshest, Jim, clean them, and get out the furnace. Ah! the sound of that chap simmering, is sweeter than an air from Norma, and beats even Beethoven's Clara waltz, for which you are such an enthusiast. Now, that's what I call eating *fish*—not waiting for twenty-four hours till you get them in the market—but eating them fresh, and washing them down at once, with the salt air sharpening your appetite, and your boat rocking on a swell that would make any but old salts like you and I sea-sick. Now, by my faith! there goes a clipper up the bay, and as we're full, suppose we chase her. A race!—a race!—She must tack to pass yonder point, and a thousand to one we beat her. Heavens! what has started? nothing but the sheet, almost dragging Harry overboard, and tearing his right hand to pieces. Poor fellow—pass aft some brown paper and hunt up the brandy from the medicine chest—ahem! Now she's hauled close again, but how we've lost! The rascals in the other boat are huzzaing, confound the jackanapes! Another pull on that sheet—now she lays into the very teeth of the wind—thump, thump, the forecastle is deluged and our jackets run moisture, but we gain on the villains—we are side and side, we shoot ahead like a swallow descending to the water—huzza, huzza, they're out of sight behind the point, and yonder are the steeples of Newport, with a stiff breeze whitening the waves in the gathering twilight, and promising us a speedy run to the landing.

There now, we're capped, and are in the balcony up stairs with the ladies—God bless their soft eyes—gazing at the Curtis Pack skimming along in the outer harbor, like a white spirit walking the water. Now she has vanished behind the fort, and in five minutes you'll see her away by Point Judith, only visible by her lights, seeming a star shooting along the horizon! As beautiful a craft as ever floated is the Curtis Pack—her wheels scarcely appear to touch the water, and she flies along almost without perceptible motion, a something spiritual and graceful exceedingly.

Listen! The ladies have got a delicious bit of gossip, that is just now amusing the town. It's a breach of promise case, and of all such cases, the richest on record. Hear the version yonder lovely girl gives it! Miss Abby B—— is the plaintiff, the daughter of a substantial harness-maker, from whom she has learnt the science of bitting refractory lovers, such as the present defendant has turned out to be. Oh! a rare genius is Abby B——. She was engaged to another gentleman, but when the defendant appeared, she threw the first overboard, and took to the new lover, for is it not written in the chronicles of Rhode Island that the defendant is a man well to do in the world, with gold and silver in his office, and a house ready furnished, which the said Miss Abby, in the feeling language of her counsel "is so admirably calculated to grace!" And to judge from the evidence on the trial, says my fair informant, Miss Abby thought so too, for she inspects the house, suggests alterations, and winds up by asking her intended for fifteen dollars to buy a new bonnet. Start not—for is not Abby to be mistress of the said house and purse!—and if she don't care a fig for the lover, why she can enjoy his fortune all the better! These B—— are a sharp, calculating, ingenious set, and the old gentleman is a keen one, let me tell you, for did he not tell Abby's first lover not to come to see his daughter, until he had paid five hundred dollars entrance money? Think of that, fathers who wish to raise the wind, and have pretty daughters unmarried! Five hundred dollars a head from every beau, as a preliminary—why, you'll make fortunes if you have the knack "to increase and multiply," especially in the way of feminines. Five hundred dollars! —oh! shades of Apollo—if bachelors hereafter must pay this for entrance, how much for forfeit money must they suffer!

Well, the innocent defendant, not liking these anticipatory draughts from his purse, and being moved no doubt by other substantial reasons, concluded not to make Miss Abby B—— a Mrs. D——, but to leave her to the solace of her former lover, for, as appears at the trial, the two have made a compact, that if Miss Abby is not Mrs. D—— within six months, she is to return to her former love. An excellent compact, for there's nothing like having two strings to your bow, even though the old Scotch song does say—

"Its best to be honest and true,
Its best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

Well, the match is broken off—the horse baits—and not even Miss Abby, with all her pa's bridles, bits, spurs and snaffles, can manage him. He refuses to make Miss Abby Mrs. D——, even though he should lose the fifteen dollars she paid for the bonnet, and a gold watch she refuses to surrender—very rightly, to be sure, for get all you can and grab for more is a proverb as old as the hills, or Scotchmen, it don't matter which. And to crown all, Miss Abby brings an action against her recreant lover, for her wounded feelings can find no alleviation except in some of that gold which daily used to glad her eyes as she passed her lover's window.

The trial was a rich scene—for there was Miss Abby—says my sweet informant, and I would believe any thing from such rosy, pouting lips—poking now one lawyer and then another, and suggesting hints for which even their wits were at a loss. The defendant magnanimously refused to state why he left Miss Abby—evidence which has since appeared was not at hand—the jury were told that Miss Abby's feelings were deeply and lastingly injured—and so a verdict was got, and to every body's astonishment, it was for 5000 dollars. Who'll say after this that the age of chivalry is gone? Oh! Burke, Burke, would you were alive again.

Seriously, this case is the most remarkable on record. Never, with so weak a side, was a verdict of such magnitude obtained. The lady once promised to compromise the matter for a thousand dollars, but subsequently she changed her mind, and brought the action. At the trial her own father was a prominent witness, although his want of competency was strongly insisted on by the defendant's counsel: and the admission of his testimony is one of the grounds on which a motion has been made for a new trial. It is more than hinted currently here that it could be proved he had a direct interest in the event of the suit, at least to the extent of the costs, a fact which you are lawyer enough to know is sufficient to exclude him as a witness. Many important circumstances, bearing on vital points of the case, have come to light since the verdict, so that public opinion runs now as strongly in favor of the defendant as it formerly did against him. The wedding dresses, about which so much noise was made at the trial, were purchased, it appears, a month before the lady was engaged, so that there was no loss here. The verdict is on all hands regarded as exorbitant, and no doubt is entertained but that a new trial will be granted. There are many palliating circumstances in the case, and the handsome offer of the defendant when he found how unsuited the lady and he were for each other, must convince every one he is a man of honor. We are no friends to the unprincipled scoundrel who seduces a female's affections and then deserts her; but we must remember that a man may sometimes be as much sinned against as sinning; and instances have been known where the gentleman has been the subject of a conspiracy on the part of a designing family. In this case, it was most unfortunate for Miss Abby that she went to her lover for money before they were married, as it gives occasion for gossips to say that she thought more of the fortune than of the man. We are too gallant to endorse the rumor, but we fear nothing would cool our love quicker than these drafts at sight on a purse, as your literary men write, "for favors yet to come."

"*Currente calamo*" is a joke to the way in which this letter has been written. We intended to describe a Rhode Island clam-bake, but must let that go for the present. Heaven keep you from melting in that hot town of yours this August weather!

August 1st, 1843. J. L.

Notices of the Dead.

A PIONEER.—Died recently in Canandaigua, N. Y., Mrs. Mary Brocklebank. The Repository says that the deceased was one of the first that emigrated to Ontario county. She removed with her husband from New London, (N. H.) in March '91. Their *Locomotive* was an ox-team and sled, their *canal and steamboat* the wild Indian's *bark canoe*, and their point of destination the vicinity of Canandaigua, then an almost unbroken and gloomy forest. The snow left the emigrants at Oneida, and the inland creeks being swollen by the spring freshet, Mrs. Brocklebank was left with the friendly Indians at that place. While there Mrs. B. obtained a knowledge of the Indian language, which was of much service to her in after life. She was here during the last treaty with the Indians in 1794. The Indians were encamped in this city, to the number of 1400 warriors, and with their imposing numbers, they evinced a disposition to menace the inhabitant. Mrs. B. shared to an eminent degree, the qualities of the heroine, and on the occasion above alluded to, this characteristic was brought into requisition. On one occasion while many of these fierce warriors were in her house, one of their number drew his knife and threatened the life of her then youngest child, (now Mr. J. B. Brocklebank.) if she did not furnish them with more milk from her dairy; and this after she had bestowed all. Mrs. B. seized a chair, and with a courage and energy that rendered her weapon formidable, soon cleared the room of her dangerous guests.

DEATH OF A PATRIARCH.—We find the following obituary notice in the Port Gibson Herald: "It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Israel Irving, Esq., the patriarch of our town, who departed this life on Sunday, the 18th, in the 75th year of his age. The deceased was a native of Sudbury, Mass., from whence he removed in the year 1789, to Marietta, Ohio, then a frontier post in the wilderness, where for some time he acted as Commissary in the army under the command of Gen. Wayne. In 1803 he removed to this county, (just then formed,) and erected the first frame dwelling in this town; he has since resided here, and by industry and energy acquired a large estate. His remains were accompanied to the tomb by the Masonic Fraternity, (of which he was an honored member,) and a large concourse of citizens."

REV. SQUIRE CHASE.—Died, last week, at Syracuse, New York, Rev. S. Chase, the superintendent of the Liberia mission, under the care of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. C. arrived in New York about two months since, from Monrovia, Africa, with a view of renovating his impaired health, and with the intention of returning to his mission next fall, taking with him his family, who have resided at Watertown, Jefferson county, during his absence from this country. He left his residence, to attend the conference now in session at Syracuse. He had been there but a short time before he was attacked with inflammation of the lungs, which soon terminated in death.

A REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT.—Died, recently at Boundbrook, Somerset county, New Jersey, on Saturday last, Jacob De Groot, in the ninety-fifth year of his age, a wealthy and highly respectable citizen. The deceased performed service in the war of the Revolution, for which he received a pension, and in later years was an acting Judge and justice of the county. A short time ago the papers announced the death of his aged wife. They lived together nearly seventy years, and, after that long interval, have been separated in life but thirteen days.

AN AGED LADY.—In Sutton, Mass., died, July 6th, widow Ann Lilly, aged one hundred years. She was a pattern of industry, and after she was ninety years old she would ply the spinning-wheel and knitting-needle as diligently and successfully as any spinster of thirty. She was followed to the grave by a numerous procession of her descendants—children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren.

☞ The Boston Atlas of Monday says:—Mr. James Newell, an old soldier of the Revolution, who fought at the battles of Lexington and Yorktown, and at the taking of Ticonderoga, died in this city on Saturday morning of last week. He did not join the festivities of the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, on the 17th of June, on account of illness.

Religious Intelligence.

DR. SKINNER.—We are gratified to learn from good authority, that the Fifth Presbyterian Church of this city have determined to call Dr. Skinner, of New York, to their pastoral charge, and that he will accept; or, in other words, that nothing but the forms of the invitation and acceptance remain—the rest being as good as determined. Dr. S. while here in charge of the same church which now invites him, was eminently successful in his own church, and an efficient and influential member of the Presbyterian communion at large.

BISHOP HENSHAW.—The consecration of Rev. Dr. Henshaw, Bishop elect of the Episcopal Church in Rhode Island, will take place at Grace Church in Providence on the 11th inst. Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut, will officiate as consecrator, assisted by the Bishop of Vermont, and Bishop Johns, of Virginia. The sermon will be preached by Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland.

☞ The Pittsburg Chronicle says:—"We are informed that the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of Philadelphia, contemplates paying a visit to our city at the time of the Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, which is to take place in the course of a few weeks."

☞ The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will hold its next session at Rochester, commencing on the 12th of September. The Rev. Dr. Tyler, of East Windham, Connecticut, will preach the annual sermon.

☞ The foundation of a new Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called St. Stephens, was laid last week in Lee street, Baltimore. Rev. J. N. McGilton is to be the rector.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6th.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint James' Church, Seventh street above Market. Saint Andrew's Church Eighth street above Spruce. Church of the Ascension, Lombard street above Eleventh. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

PRESBYTERIAN—OLD SCHOOL.—Second Church, Seventh street, below Arch. Central Church, corner of Eighth and Cherry street. Tenth Church, corner of Twelfth and Walnut street. Northwest Sabbath School Room, corner of Schuylkill Eighth and Willow street.

PRESBYTERIAN—NEW SCHOOL.—Third Church, corner of Fourth and Pine street. Western Church corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth street.—Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

DUTCH REFORMED.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

LUTHERAN.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNITARIAN.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

DISCIPLES OF CHRIST.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

MORMON.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

MARINERS.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

Army & Navy.

☞ Captain Stockton's enormous piece of ordnance has again been tried with success; a point blank shot, with a 242 pound ball, struck a target three miles distant, and penetrated through and through the target, which was constructed of iron bars and wood combined, rendering it more strong and solid than the hull of the largest seventy-four. The gun is made of wrought iron, and is of immense size.

NAVAL.—The following are among recent Navy Orders:

Commander George N. Hollins is appointed Flag Captain of the Pacific Squadron.

Captain J. Wilkinson to command the Norfolk yard.

Commander J. M. Dale detached to rendezvous at Philadelphia, waiting orders.

Captain J. Downes to be Port Captain at Boston.

LAUNCH.—The U. S. Brig "LAWRENCE" was launched on Tuesday, at Baltimore. She left the stocks with a number of persons on board, in beautiful style, and went into the water like a thing of life.

☞ It is stated that Col. Seth J. Thomas, of Charlestown, has been re-appointed to the office of Naval Storekeeper at the Navy Yard at Charlestown, in place of Paul Willard, removed.

☞ The United States ship Independence is now lying near Bellow's Island, at New York, ready to sail on a cruise with the first fair wind. Her destination is unknown.

☞ Foul teeth come from disordered stomach, for which Sherman's cathartic and other lozenges, sold by Van Yorx, are an excellent corrective—but the teeth will sometimes continue to look black after the cause is removed. At this stage of the matter Sherman's Tooth Paste is the best known remedy; and is an excellent companion to every body's toilette. Try it.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—Light is the most important, the most sensible and striking phenomenon of the universe. It affords the means of exalted and exquisite pleasures and is the source from whence man derives the largest proportion of valuable knowledge. When decomposed it is found to consist of the seven primary colors, thus proving the Sun, the source from whence it comes, to be the grand painter of creation. As light is to the physical world, so is health to the physical frame. Remove the one, and all is black; take away the other, and man withers ere he blooms. As the genial rays of the Sun infuses warmth and renewed vigor into the vegetable creation, so Sands' Sarsaparilla infuses strength into the weak and languid frame. Daily experience shows results the most pleasing and unlooked for, thus gladdening the hearts of thousands who had given up in despair. Cures are recorded calculated to satisfy the most incredulous; and, as "facts are stubborn things," they have only to be mentioned. Chronic derangements, cutaneous eruptions, impurities of the blood, &c., are safely and perfectly cured by its use.

For conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, are certificates published in the city papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. F. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS occur more frequently during the summer months than at any other period; because at this season of the year, the system being debilitated, digestion is not sufficiently active to dispose of the food before it becomes putrified; hence a peculiar acid is generated in the stomach, which is the cause of those horrid diseases called Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Inflammation of the Bowels, &c. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a natural remedy, and therefore are a certain cure for all kinds of bowel complaints—because they cleanse the stomach and bowels from those putrid humors which are the cause of those distressing complaints. They also aid and improve digestion and purify the blood—consequently, as they remove the cause of every form of disease, it is absolutely impossible for them to fail in making a perfect cure of Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, inflammation of the bowels.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.*—The public are cautioned against the many spurious medicines, which, in order to deceive, are made, in outward appearance, closely to resemble the above wonderful Pills.

It should be remembered, *all genuine medicine has Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, neatly printed on the sides of the boxes, and that, *if the word Wright's cannot be found*, all is positively wrong.—

☞ *Observe*—Purchase only of the advertised agents, or at the office and general depot, No. 169 Race street, Philadelphia, and be particular to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

		Price sold for.
146 shares	Wilmington R. R.	11¾a11½
125 do.	Girard Bank,	5¾
100 do.	Penn Township Bank,	20
75 do.	Mechanics Bank,	18⅞
50 do.	Vicksburg Bank,	3¼
25 do.	N. O. Gas Co.,	19
24 do.	Philadelphia Bank,	63½
24 do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	31¾
20 do.	United States Bank,	4¾
10 do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	14½a14¾
3 do.	North America Bank,	301
3 do.	Commercial Bank,	43¾
$6700	City 5's, 1846,68a69,	100a102
$509	State 5's, 1850a1870,	49¾
$800	City Gas, 6's,	106
$6000	U. States 5's, 1853,	101
$430	County 6's, 1870,	105
$1000	Cincin. Bonds,	91
$2000	County St. Louis 10 per cts and interest,	105

Philadelphia Market.

Grain—Very little wheat has been sold thus far this week; we have heard of some small lots of old at $1,02 and 1,05, and of new at $1. We believe that $1 to 1,02 is about the fair quotation. Corn—We have sales of 700 bushels of yellow flat at 53½ afloat, and a smaller lot of mixed at 54 cents. Oats—Sales of Pa at 32, Del at 31a30, and Va at 28 cts, some new crop Del at 20 cts.

Flour and Meal—The flour market has become dull and languid, and the sales have been trifling, both for export and home use. Fair brands of fresh ground Pa flour are held at $4,87½ per bbl, with limited sales old stock at $4,75 to 4,87½. Rye flour $3,25. Corn Meal—A sale of Pa bbls at $2,62½, and Brandywine hhds at $13 each.

Sugar—The demand continues active, and prices are fully supported. Sales of 290 hhds N Orleans, at 6¼a 6¾, 40 hhds Cuba Muscovado 6¾, 750a800 boxes Havana and Trinidad brown 7¼a8 cts, all 4a6 mos.

Molasses—A cargo of 300 hhds Porto Rico has been sold at 26¼ cts, and 130 hhds Havana at 22 cts, 4 mos; 250 hhds and tcs N Orleans at 21a26 cts.

Oil—Winter sperm 75 to 85 cts per gallon, summer 70 to 75, whale 38 to 40. Sales of 150 gallons of linseed at 78 cts.

Salt—A cargo of 450 tons ground Liverpool, and another of 2300 sacks of fine, have been sold at a price not disclosed.

Fish—New fish are rather scarce; sales of No. 1 mackerel at $10¼, No. 2 $8¼, and No. 3 $5¼.

Provisions—Demand moderate; sale of 100 barrels prime pork at $9,87.

Plaster—A cargo sale at $2,25, and one at about $2,33 per ton.

Spirits—Sales of bbls of whiskey at 24, and N E rum at 28 cts.

Hides—A sale of 2000 Oronoco at 11¼ cts per lb, 6 mos.

Coffee—Sales of 800 bags of Laguayra at 7¼ to 7¾c.

Fruit—A cargo of pine apples sold at $4¼ per 100.

Whiskey—Sales in hhds at 23 and bbls at 24 cts.

Goatskins—Patnas, sales at 14 cts—small lot.

Candles—Sperm scarce, 28 to 30 cts.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—Beef Cattle—During the week 900 beeves went on to the N York market, and 688 offered at our drove yard—price 4 to 4¾, extra 5½, 100 left over. Cows and Calves—165 at market, sales $15 to 20, extra $25. Springers $12 to 15, extra $20. Dry cows $4 to 8, extra $12. Calves $1,75 to 6, live weight 2¾ to 3cts per lb. Hogs—527 at market, sales 3¾ to 4, extra 4¼, 350 left over. Sheep—1000 at market, sales $1,25 to 2,50.

Richmond, July 27.—For cattle on the hoof $4 to 4,50 are the general prices. Veals $2 to 6, according to quality. Mutton $1,50 to 2,50. Lambs from $1 to 2, according to quality.

Baltimore, July 31.—Cattle—The supply of beef cattle was only 150 head. Sales of about 120 head at $4 a5,75 net, as in quality. Hogs—Sales at $3,75 per 100 lbs.

Trade and Business.

Baltimore, August 1.—Flour—Sales of fresh ground good brands to-day at $4,75, at which price it is now generally offered. Receipt price $4,62½. Sales of several thousand bbls of city mills flour on Saturday at $5. Small sales of Susquehanna flour at $4,87½. Grain—There is a fair supply of wheat in market to-day and the quantity sold has been large. Sales of Md red range at 95a100 cts for good to prime, and at 85a95 for ordinary to good. A sale on Saturday of a cargo of Carolina red, part very prime at 97a102 cts; another to-day at 92a101 cts. A large parcel of good Md white at 105 a107 cts. Family flour white is worth 108a112 cents. Sales of Md white corn at 52a53 cts. We quote yellow at 53a54 cts. Sales of new oats at 23a24 cts. Whiskey—Hhds are scarce. We quote them at 24 cts. Sales of bbls at 25 cts.

At *New York*, last week the sales of cotton were small, and business operations generally were very dull. The flour market remains very dull; the rates are $5 for Genesee, and $4¾ for Michigan and flat hoop Ohio. Georgetown flour is worth $5,25. Considerable Brandywine flour, which has been in store all winter, has been disposed of during the week at $5,12½, and there being no more of it on hand, fresh ground is held at $5,44a 5,50. A sale of 5000 bushels Illinois wheat was made this week at $1,00, but there is no more to be had at that price, though there are several lots in market. New wheat is worth about the same as old. Rye 65 cents, North River corn 56 cts, weight. New Orleans 53a54 cts. Oats are in good demand at 28½ cts.

St. Louis, July 21.—Trade has fallen off very much the past week. Only about thirty-five arrivals of steamers are reported. Receipts of produce and shipments of the same are much less than last week. Prices are not materially changed except in flour and wheat. We quote flour for country brands $3,75, and 4,25 for city brands, with few buyers. Wheat 58 and 62 cts. Both dull.

Poughkeepsie Wool Market, July 28.—Almost the entire clip for this year and last has been purchased in this and the neighboring counties, and much of it already shipped to the east. The market is consequently dull, but the following standard prices are still steadily maintained. Saxony 35a40 cts, merino, 31a33, half blood do 25, common 20, Bakewell and Cotswold 17a19.

At *New Orleans*, on the 22d ult., the receipts of cotton were very light and the prices without any change. Sales of sugar light, with an upward tendency in prices—rates 4½ to 6½. Molasses scarce, and in demand at 21 to 24 cts. The receipts of flour were heavy, rates $4,40 to 4¾. Pork, bacon and lard were not inquired after. Whiskey 22 to 23; corn 38 to 40; oats 34 to 35.

Richmond, July 31.—Tobacco—Lugs 2¼a2¾ and 3½, leaf, common, 3¾a4, middling, 4½a5, good, 5a6, fine stemming and manufacturing scarce, and sells from $6 to 11¼ as in quality, a few extra manufacturing hhds have sold at from $10 to 40. Flour—Old $5, dull. Corn 55a57½ cts per bushel. Wheat $1 per bushel—at this price many large crops have been sold.

Charleston, July 29.—Cotton—The limited stock on sale has prevented any decline in prices; the market has been inactive, and the sales only reach 500 bales at from 5 to 6¼ cts. Rice—Demand fair and market firm, sales of 1237 tcs at 2a2 9-16 cts per lb. Flour—Week's receipts 2000 bbls; market depressed, small sales of Howard street at $5a5,25.

At *Buffalo*, on the 25th ult., there were sales of flour to a considerable extent at $4,25 for good brands Ohio, Monroe mills sold at $4.38. A cargo of prime Ohio wheat sold at 93 cents. Nothing doing in other grain. From some of the best wheat counties in Ohio there was a rumor that the crop was much injured by rust.

Petersburg, Va., July 31.—Wheat—The price has settled at $1,00 per bushel; some crops on the river have been sold at something less. Tobacco—There has been a considerable advance in the price of leaf of the better qualities. Prices range from $3 to 9.

Nashville, July 25.—The river is in good condition for small boats. As far as we are advised from the country, the crops generally promise well. There will be large corn crops, and the stands of cotton and tobacco are said to be good.

Savannah, July 31st.—Cotton—Transactions have been quite limited; the week's sales only reached 107 bales Upland at 5a6 cents, receipts 227 bales, stock on hand 5486 bales. Rice—Demand brisk; sales of 750 casks at 1⅞a2¼ cts.

At *Norfolk*, on the 27th, sales of western bacon were made to a limited extent at 5¼a6 cents for sides, hams 6, shoulders 4a4½. Flour $4,12½a4,25, wheat 95 cents a$1.

At *Cleveland*, on the 23d, the receipts of flour and wheat were large. The latter sold at 80 to 81 cts. No inquiry among buyers for flour or corn.

At *Cincinnati*, on the 24th ultimo, flour had fallen to $3,20. Whiskey 17½ cents. The river is falling fast, though large boats continued to arrive.

Georgetown, Aug. 1.—Wheat 85 to 93 cts per bushel, according to quality. Flour—Market inactive; some few sales at $4,75 to 4,87½.

At *Alexandria*, on the 28th, the wagon price of flour was $4,75, small sales of prime new red wheat were made at $1 per bushel.

HEALTH OFFICE, JULY 29, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 22d to the 29th of July.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess of Lungs,	1	0	Brought over,	32	54
Apoplexy,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	4
Asphyxia,	0	1	—Bronchi,	1	0
Cancer of the Uterus,	1	0	—Lungs,	0	1
Congestion of the Lungs,	0	1	—Stomach and Bowels,	2	4
Cholera Infantum,	0	23	—Breast,	0	1
—Morbus,	2	0	—Uterus,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	13	1	—Peritonaeum,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	5	Intussusception,	0	1
—Puerperal,	1	0	Inanition,	0	4
Diarrhoea,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	3	0
Dropsy,	2	0	Marasmus,	0	6
—Abdominal,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
—Head,	0	3	Palsy,	2	0
—Breast,	1	0	Pleurisy,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	1	0	Poisoning,	1	1
Drowned,	0	1	Scrofula,	1	0
Dysentery,	3	1	Sore Mouth,	0	1
Debility,	0	6	Small Pox,	0	1
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Still Born,	0	6
Fever, Scarlet,	0	9	Teething,	0	1
—Typhus,	0	1	Ulceration of Intestines,	1	0
—Typhoid,	2	0	Unknown,	1	1
Hemorrhage,	1	0			
Carried over,	32	54	Total. 135—	49	86

Of the above there were 9 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 5 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
July 23,	78	82	86
24,	77	86	90
25,	72	78	83
26,	74	81	86
27,	79	86	89
28,	79	89	90
29,	82	89	91

THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, *a Temperance Family Newspaper*. Edited by L. C. Levin, has just been greatly enlarged by the present publishers, and is now a beautifully printed sheet of extra imperial size, full of condensed pithy, useful and attractive reading. The chief corner stone is an unflinching devotion to the great and good cause of *Temperance*, a large department is allotted to the best *Agricultural* articles of the day—the "*Ladies' Friend*" will soon enter, and side by side with the "*Christian Moralist*," and the "*Young Cold Water Army*" will lay their claims before the community for a candid hearing. The best of the *News* articles of the day will of course be included. The Advocate is published every other Saturday at *One Dollar a year*.

About the 5 of *this month* we shal commence the publication of the WEEKLY TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE, combining the above interests, as it is believed the progress of the Temperance Reform requires, and is ready for a *Weekly* Advocate, and being combined with a *Ladies' Moral Family Newspaper* worthy of every patron, it will, it serve and receive a fair portion of patronage. Price two dollars a year, payable in advance. Letters post paid, addressed to R. C. ATKINSON & Co. publishers of the Temperance Advocate, No. 86 South Third street, will meet with prompt attention. jy 29 tf

ALMANAC.

August, 1843.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
5 Saturday,	5 0	6 6	10 13	
6 Sunday,	5 1	6 50	11 11	D. H. M.
7 Monday,	5 2	6 58	12 5	
8 Tuesday,	5 4	6 56	12 57	
9 Wednes.	5 5	6 55	7 20	First 2 6 19
10 Thursday,	5 6	6 54	8 15	Full 9 11 60
11 Friday,	5 7	6 53	8 54	L'st 18 1 44
12 Saturday,	5 8	6 52	3 37	New25 9 28

Married,

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, RICHARD M. HOE, of New York, to MARY S. CORBIN, of this city.

On Tuesday evening, the 1st instant, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, Mr. WILLIAM M. BAIRD, to Miss SUSAN I. COOPER, daughter of Francis Cooper, Esq. of this city.

By the Rev. Geo. Chandler, on the 30th ultimo, Mr. JOHN PRICE, to Miss HANNAH PHIFER.

On the 1st inst. in Stephens' Church, by the Rev. Dr. Ducachet, Rev. SAMUEL R. MEADE, to Miss ELIZA A. MAXWELL, daughter of John Maxwell, Esq. all of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. SAMUEL L. LENNAN, of the city, to Miss HANNAH WIGHT, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 31st ult. by the same, Mr. WM. R. CLAWGES, to Miss SARAH A. WELLS, both of this city.

On the 6th ult. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JOHN N. KNOX to Miss ALMIRA GOLDY, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo by the Rev. G. A. Reichert, Mr. JOHN J. SCHELL, to HARRIET R. MAGEE, all of the district of Southwark.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, WM. M. GREINER, to RHODA ANN, daughter of William Elison, of this city.

On the 27th ult. by Elder Frederick Plummer, Mr. JOSEPH RICHARDSON, to Miss CHARLOTTE G. ENGLISH, both of Bristol Township, Bucks county.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, CHARLES WIGHMAN, of Baltimore, to ANNE P. ROSTER, daughter of John McCrea, Esq.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Thomas M. Allen, Mr. JAMES M. PHILLIPS, to Miss JEMIMA HAWTER.

On the 27th ult. by Alderman Joel Cook, THOMAS C. LEVIS, to MARY P. LEVIS, both of Springfield, Delaware county.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. T. L. Donahoe, WM. CULLEN, of the Northern Liberties, to HANNAH C. S. GRAVES, of East Kensington.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, WM. CARTER, to Miss LOUISA A. DARCEY, daughter of Thos. Darcey, all of Philada. county.

At Norfolk, by the Rev. Mr. Castles, Lieut. CARTER B. POINDEXTER, of the U. S. Navy, to MARY, eldest daughter of Dr. N. C. Whitehead, of that borough.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John C. Clay, JAMES C. GEORGE, of this city, to ELLEN WEMBELL, of Southwark, formerly of Camden, N. J.

On the 27th ult. at St. James's Church, Bristol, Pa. by the Rev. H. J. Morton, H. G. STELWAGGON, to MARY E. daughter of the late Thos. Hale, Esq. of this city.

Died,

On the 1st inst. Mr. JOHN ROYER, in the 51st year of his age.

On the 2d inst. ANN ELWELL, daughter of Thos. and Amelia Elwell, aged 3 years.

On the 1st inst. in the 91st year of his age, GEORGE DANNAHOWER, Sr. one of the oldest inhabitants of Germantown, a hero of the Revolution.

On the 2d instant, after a protracted illness, Mrs. ELIZA PATTERSON, daughter of the late John Vernon, Esq.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. ANN B. HARRIS, in the 43d year of her age.

On the 28th ult. EMILY, infant daughter of Wm. M. and Ann Maria Heyl, aged 1 year and 4 days.

On the 1st inst. after a lingering illness, FANNY, wife of Wm. Montelius.

On the 1st instant, SAMUEL, infant son of Saml. and Catharine E. Arbuckle.

On the 29th ultimo, in Bristol Township, GEORGE R. only daughter of Alfred and Mary F. Slade, of this city, aged 6 months.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. MARY COATS, in the 100th year of her age.

On the 1st ultimo, of a lingering disease, CHRISTIAN DOERR, baker, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. WM. MORGAN, infant son of Henry and Sarah Weaver, aged 3 weeks.

On the 1st inst. Mr. JOHN SLACK, merchant, in the 42d year of his age.

On the 29th ult. at her residence in Lower Merion, Montgomery county, of influenza, after a short illness, Mrs. MARY TUNIS, in the 93d year of her age.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH HARDY, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. after a lingering illness, ANN REBURN, aged 39 years.

On the 27th ult. at Pottsgrove, ELIZABETH, wife of John Beisel, after a lingering illness, in the 60th year of her age.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ANN WINTERS, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 28th ult. after a long and painful illness, REBECCA H. PETERS in the 29th year of her age, widow of the late Dr. Joseph Harough, of Washington city.

On the 27th ult. CLIFFORD ALEXANDER, only son of A. J. and Sarah A. Buna, aged 6 months and 12 days.

On the 27th ult. JOHN DENNIS, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 28th ult. SUSANNA W. ROBERTS, wife of Pancoast Roberts, aged 38 years.

On the 27th ult. NATHANIEL DREW, aged 68 years.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. ANN, wife of Capt. Jos. Robinson, in the 68th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. Miss ANN JACOBS, in the 15th year of her age.

On the 29th ult. MARTHA WILSON, infant daughter of J. Henry and Adeline A. Bulkley.

On the 28th ult. ROSA ELIZA, second daughter of Mr. W. C. Cardwell, merchant, in the 18th of her age.

On the 27th ult. Miss MARY WALLACE, in the 85th year of her age.

On the 30th ult. Mr. MARTIN SHOEMAKER, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 30th ult. GEORGE WASHINGTON, only child of Saml. and Evelina Pike, aged 6 months and 1 day.

On the 24th ult. JANE K. aged 1 year and 2 months; and on the 29th, ELEANOR, aged 3 years and 10 months, children of Elizabeth H. Parkinson.

In Darien, Genesee county, N. York, on the 18th ult. BENJAMIN WILLIS, aged 79 years, a soldier of the Revolution.

On the 21st ult. in Reading, Mrs. ELIZABETH WEITZEL, widow of the late Frederick Weitzel, in the 70th year of her age.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 5th, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calias bank	10
Agricultural bank,	-
City bk. Portland,	-
Damariscotta,	-
Mercantile bank,	-
Stillwater canal bk.	-
Bangor Com. bank	-
Westbrook bank,	-
Citizens bank,	-
Globe bank,	-
Washington co.	-
Frankford bank,	-
All solvent banks	4a4½
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	4a4½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	4a4½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	4a4½
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	4a4½
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk, Seneca co.	50
Com bk. New York	2¼
Lafayette bank,	-
N. Y. Bkg. Co,	-
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	-
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co.	50
Com bk. Buffalo,	50
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	20 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	30a33 dis
Girard do.	15 dis
Penna. do	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester	par
Chest'r co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Fa. bk. Lancaster	½ dis
Lebanon,	2½ dis
Harrisburg,	3 dis
Middletown,	3 dis
Carlisle,	3 dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts.	2 dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	4½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	30 dis
York,	3 dis
Gettysburg,	3 dis
Chambersburg,	3 dis
Waynesburg,	5 dis
Brownsville,	2 dis
Erie,	5 dis
Berks county bank,	75 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co	27 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	35 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederichtown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 dis
Cumberland,	2 dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk	1 dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Balt. Ohio R. R. notes,	15 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	dis
Georgetown,	dis
Far. & Mechanics,	dis
Alexandria,	dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1 dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1 dis
Valley bk & branch,	1 dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1 dis
Wheeling,	2 dis
Wheeling pne notes,	2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solve banks,	1½
Small notes	3
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	-
Monroe R. R.	-
Columbus,	-
Phenix bk	-
Exchange bk.	-
Chat. R. R. bank,	-
Central bk. of Mill.	-
Georgia R. R. Co.	-
Ruckers. Bkg. Co.	-
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	18 dis
Small notes,	20 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	2 dis
Bank notes,	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	62½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA.	
S'ra Life & Tr. Co.	
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York	½ dis a ½ prm.
" " Boston,	"
" " Baltimore	½ dis
Specie	par
Country Relief Notes	3½ dis
City Relief Notes	3½ dis

INFORMATION WANTED OF HENRY B. STONE, who is supposed to reside with Mr. KNIGHT STONE, somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania. Any information respecting either of the above mentioned gentlemen will be thankfully received at this office. jy 29 3t

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.
ALSO—Sole Leather, red and oak tanned.
nov 19-1y CHAMBERS & BENDER.

MORNING MAIL LINE
TO BALTIMORE. 7½ O'CLOCK.
PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD LINE.

A Train of Cars will leave the Depot, corner of 11th and Market streets daily, except Sunday, at half past 7 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore.
THROUGH IN 6½ HOURS.

AFTERNOON MAIL LINE
TO BALTIMORE. FOUR O'CLOCK.
Via Newcastle and Frenchtown Railroad and Delaware and Chesapeake Bay.
The swift and splendid Steamboat ROBERT MORRIS, Captain J. M. DOUGLASS, will leave Dock street wharf daily, except Sunday, at 4 o'clock, P. M., for Baltimore.
THROUGH IN 7½ HOURS.
FARE THREE DOLLARS.

The line leaves Baltimore for Philadelphia daily, except Sunday, at 9 o'clock, A. M., by Railroad, and at 7 o'clock, P. M., by Steamboat.

On Sundays the only line for Baltimore will leave by Railroad at 4, P. M., and will leave Baltimore for Philadelphia at 7, P. M.
Fare from Philadelphia to Wheeling by either line $13
jy 22 3t W. L. ASHMEAD, Agent

HOVER'S INK.—The rapidity with which this Ink has attained its present popularity, is only understood by its actual use.
From the New Haven "Temperance Fountain."
Writing Ink—Decidedly the best article that we have seen in the way of black Ink, is prepared by Mr. Joseph E. Hover, of Philadelphia, a bottle of which we are now using in preference to all others. It flows freely, and if we can only make it write good temperance articles, we shall not hesitate to recommend it to our readers. Mr. H. likewise prepares a fine *Red Ink*, and a *Permanent Ink* for marking linen, &c., but we have not yet had an opportunity to try their quality. If they are as good as the black they cannot fail to meet a rapid sale.
These articles are sold in this city by Messrs. Durrie & Peck.
For sale at No. 185 NORTH THIRD Street, 6 doors below Race, (east side,) Philadelphia, by
JOSEPH E. HOVER, Manufacturer.
Also, for sale at the agent, G. F. Nesbitt's corner of Wall and Water streets, New York.
☞ Also, for sale at the office of the United States Saturday Post, number 98 Chesnut street, at the manufacturer's prices.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY: SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL, RHEUMATISM, OBSTINATE CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, OR PUSTULES ON THE FACE, BLOTCHES, BILES, CHRONIC SORE EYES, RING WORM OR TETTER, SCALD HEAD, ENLARGEMENT AND PAIN OF THE BONES AND JOINTS, STUBBORN ULCERS, SYPHILITIC SYMPTOMS, SCIATICA, OR LUMBAGO, AND DISEASES ARISING FROM AN INJUDICIOUS USE OF MERCURY, ASCITES, OR DROPSY, EXPOSURE OR IMPRUDENCE IN LIFE. ALSO, CHRONIC CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS WILL BE REMOVED BY THIS PREPARATION.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS' SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

MESSRS. A. B. SANDS & Co.—*Sirs*: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have they eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 6th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days as well as robbed me of my nights repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health-restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks are, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your most afflicted and very grateful friend, ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.
Norwich Nov. 4, 1842.

New London Co. ss.
Personally appeared, the above named Asenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me. RUFUS W. MATTHEWSON, Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.
WILLIAM R. RICHARDS, Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. SANDS & Co. Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers street, New York.

Sold in Philadelphia by S. F. THOMPSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, by Dr. D. JAYNE, 20 South Third street, and by F. KLETT & Co. corner of Callowhill and Second streets, and FREDERICK BROWN, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, authorized agents for the proprietors.
Sold in Baltimore by Dr. J. A. Reed, corner of Gay and Baratoga street.
" " Richmond, Va., by A. Duval & Co.
" " Norfolk, by Santos & Co.
" " Charleston, S. C., by Haviland, Harrall & Allen.
" " Augusta, Geo., by Haviland, Risley & Co.
" " Mobile, by Moseley & Co.
" " Cincinnati, by G. F. Thomas & Co.
" " Cleveland, by H. J. Gaylord & Co.
" " Utica, N. Y., by J. E. Warner.
" " Albany, by A. Guthrie.
" " Boston, by Smith & Fowle, 138 Washington street.
" " New Bedford, by W. P. S. Caldwell.
" " Providence, R. I., by C. Dyer.
" " Petersburg, Va., by Anderson & Co.
" " Alexandria, D. C., by Wm. Stabler & Co.
" " Washington, D. C., by S. Farnham.
And by Druggists generally throughout the United States.
Price $1,00 per bottle—six bottles for $5. [my 27 eow3m
☞ The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is SANDS' SARSAPARILLA that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR.
T. GILBERT & CO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,
406 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
NEXT BUILDING NORTH OF WASHINGTON BANK.

THE senior partner in the above firm is, with a single exception, the oldest Piano Forte Manufacturer in Boston; and was one of the old firm of "Currier & Gilbert." The instruments, of various styles bearing the names of, and manufactured by, "Currier & Gilbert, 393," "T. Gilbert," and "T. Gilbert & Co. 402 and 406 *Washington Street*," are now too well known throughout this country to need any commendation, further than to say, that the senior T. GILBERT is still actively and constantly engaged in superintending the business, assisted by his partner, HENRY SAFFORD, who is also personally devoted to it. This, it is presumed, will be sufficient to secure the confidence of all their friends.

They have all the facilities for getting up their work in the best possible manner, and at the least possible expense, at which first rate work can be done,—having connected with their manufactory a steam engine, to facilitate all those parts which can be done by the aid of machinery.

They also have every part of the work done at their own manufactory in the city, and under their own personal inspection, by experienced workmen only; as they employ no apprentices.

During the past year, they have made very important improvements in the Piano Forte, some of which they have patented. In the Horizontal or Square Piano Forte we have an improvement by means of which, with the use of a pedal, the hammers are made to strike one or two strings at the pleasure of the performer; thus combining the soft, sweet tones of the Unichord with the power of the Grand Piano-Forte, without its inconvenience of size and shape. But having heard frequent complaints of the common Square Piano Forte, on account of its size, and objections to the Upright and Piccolo, for other reasons, and to obviate those objections, we have invented a new description, somewhat of the Piccolo form, embracing all of the above improvements, which, with seven octaves, occupies but about half as much room on the floor as the common Square, and having a very important improvement to the action, by which a single spring is made to answer the threefold purpose of pressing down the damper, and at the same time of bearing with equal force on the hammer and key, so as to cause their quick return after the blow is struck—thus making the action of the keys susceptible of the most rapid execution that any one can desire.

Lowest prices of the above, from $300 to $500. Common Square Piano-Fortes, of various patterns with all the other improvements, from $200 to $400.

In view of all these facts, and their own experience, together with the ample testimonials which they have from others, they have no hesitation in warranting their instruments to be as good as can be obtained at any other manufactory in the world, the purchasers themselves being judges.

They will in all cases exchange at their own expense, and from any part of the country, all such instruments as are paid for on delivery, and have been selected by themselves, or refund the purchase money, at the option of the purchaser, at any time within six months of the time of sale, if the instrument shall not prove entirely satisfactory.

In order to secure a cash business, they would further say to their customers, that they will now sell at retail, when the cash accompanies the order, or is paid on delivery of the instrument from their shop, at *Twenty-Five per cent.* below their former wareroom prices; while between cash down and credit they will make more difference than formerly.

Persons ordering Piano-Fortes of any description, and sending from $200 to $500 with the order, may rest assured that in all respects they shall have as good an instrument for the money they send, as if they apply in person, or employ an agent to select for them.

The subscribers hereby request all persons who may favor us with their orders, on the foregoing terms, to expose publicly every apparent intentional neglect or failure on our part to fulfil them to the very letter. And we further engage to pay ourselves, all the necessary expense for giving publicity to each case of such neglect or failure, in at least one public newspaper—such as the dissatisfied party may select.

And in order to satisfy all who may wish to purchase of us, of our entire responsibility and correct business habits, we invite them to write us for reference, and we will give them such as may be required.

Thus throwing ourselves upon the public, we solicit their patronage. T. GILBERT & CO.
Boston, Feb. 3, 1843. may 13 eow 3m

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.
DEAFNESS CURED—SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.—For the cure of DEAFNESS, pains, and the discharge of matter from the ears; also all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, etc. etc. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

The following interesting letter which has been taken from hundreds of others of a similar character must be read with pleasure:

New York, Nov. 16, 1842.

My Dear Sir—It has become so common lately to puff medicines by letters, that I would now refrain from any expression of my feelings or opinion, did I not feel compelled to speak in justice to you, and out of a desire to serve my fellow men. You remember with what reluctance I was induced to try Scarpa's Oil for Deafness, for I felt convinced, after many ineffectual attempts, that a deafness of ten years' standing could not be cured by any medicine; but will you believe it when I tell you on my second bottle I can hear almost as well as any member of my family. The effect upon me has been magical; my former condition seems like a dream; and the pleasure of listening to and hearing conversation carried on in an ordinary tone of voice, after being so long subjected to the use of the ear trumpet, is almost transporting. I do not much like to have my name in print, but as the above statement may do some good, I have no objection to your using it.
Your obliged friend, L. M. OSELMAN.
Mr. E. Barton Gumpert, Phila. 3½ Washington street.

Read the following Editorial from the Times.

Deafness Cured.—We have heard a great many speak of the virtues of Scarpa's Acoustic Oil as a remedy for deafness, and we are assured that it is unsurpassed by anything known for the purpose. One of two instances of its curative effects have been pointed out to us that are really astonishing.

None genuine unless with the words "SCARPA'S OIL for Deafness" blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of S. Gell on the wrapper.

Prepared by S. Gell, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. Jayne, 20 South Third street, and E. S. Gumpert, No. 185 North Second street, Philadelphia, also by most of the druggists in the city. PRICE $1 a bottle, or $10 a dozen.

Gems from the Poets.

THE PENITENT.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Within a dark monastic cell
 A monk's pale corpse was calmly laid,
Peace on his lips was seen to dwell,
 And light above the forehead played.

Upon the stone beneath his hand
 Was found a small and written scroll,
And he whose eye the record scanned
 From this dim part went guess the whole.

"There comes a Thought at dead of night,
 And bids the shapes of sleep be gone,
A Thought that's more than Thought, a sight
 On which the sun has never shone.

"A pale stern face, and sterner far,
 Because it is a woman's face;
It gleams a warning worn-out star,
 That once was bright with morning grace.

"An icy vision, calm, and cold,
 The sprite of vanished hours it comes;
It brings to me the times of old,
 That look like, but that are not, dreams.

"It brings back sorrows long gone by,
 And folly stained not washed with tears;
Years fall away like leaves, and dry—
 And Life's bare bony stem appears.

"Dark face! Thou art not all a shade
 That fancy bids beside me be;
The blood, that once in passion played
 Through my young veins, beat high for thee.

"Now changed and withered all! My sighs
 Round thee have breathed a sickled air,
And sad before my saddening eyes
 Thou showest the hues of my despair.

"Still prayers are strong, and God is good;
 Man is not made for endless ill.
Dear Spirit! my soul's tormented mood
 Has yet a hope thou canst not kill.

"Repentance clothes in green and flowers
 The grave in which the Past is laid;
And close to Faith's old minster towers,
 The Cross lights up the ghostly shade.

"Around its foot the shapes of fear,
 Whose eyes my weaker heart appal,
As sister suppliants thrill the ear
 With cries that loud for mercy call.

"Thou, God, wilt hear! Thy pangs are meant
 To heal the spirit, not destroy;
And fiends from hell for vengeance sent,
 When thou commandest, work for joy.

Selected Articles.

FASHIONS.

It is said that hoops are beginning to be worn by the pioneers of fashion among the ladies in Boston and New York. There is indeed but one reason why this custom of our grandmothers should not be returned, in its course, like almost every other ancient fashion, and that is the inconvenience attending it. Still there is no limit to the endurance of the sex where a matter of *ton* is concerned; and as, in this case, the main objection arises from the manner in which a lady is barricaded, and, as it were, enclosed within lines of circumvallation, by these appendages, their disadvantages will, of course, be chiefly felt by the men. We expect, therefore, that the leaders in style will be able to carry their point in this renovation; and that women, who, as every body knows, are always cruel in their disregard of the comfort or fancies of men, will soon be regularly hooped for a party, like so many barrels or puncheons.

There is another custom, which, as originally contemporary with hoops, may possibly return to vogue in their train. The fashion of powdering the hair has had, once at least, (some writers say oftener,) a long and triumphant reign, and in spite of the hostility with which the unsophisticated prejudices of the present generation would probably greet its reappearance, it may rise to empire again. Bald heads, red heads, and grey heads will hasten to enlist under its banners, and the kingdom of hair powder may be re-established before the opposition of natural ringlets and unexceptionable locks can be organized to resist its advances.

Regarding these topics with the eye of a political economist, we have nothing to say at present with respect to hoops. They may tend to raise the price of that species of timber from which hoops are constructed, and thus affect the profits of flour dealers and packers of pork, but the additional employment furnished to coopers may be supposed to counterbalance this disadvantage, so far as the prosperity of the whole community is concerned. But we have statistics to offer in relation to hair powder, which, if not seriously alarming at the present period of agricultural abundance, might become so at a time when a failure of crops should produce a pressure for food among the poor.

The use of hair powder is said to have taken its rise so early as the year 1614, and it had reached its height in 1795, when it began to be taxed as an important means of revenue to the government.

Though somewhat divided in sentiment on the question whether hair powder should be absolutely prohibited or rendered a source of public income, the ministry of Great Britain finally agreed upon the tax of a guinea a head for this luxury. It was calculated that even under this excessive tariff not less than 500,000 *persons* would continue its use. Mr. Pitt, on presenting the financial budget, made a speech in relation to this particular tax, and enlarged upon its necessity. The scheme was not adopted without serious and almost pathetic reluctance. An amendment, we believe, was successfully proposed, to exempt from the tax all clergymen whose income did not amount to £100, all subaltern officers, and officers in the Navy under the rank of master and commander, and *all the daughters except two in large families.* In spite of this heavy imposition it appeared from the estimates that the quantity of flour used daily by hair dressers and in private toilettes would, if made into bread, be sufficient to supply the wants of an army of an hundred and fifty thousand men.

If then, in Great Britain, where the fashions are chiefly confined to certain classes, so great a waste of the staff of life was occasioned by this custom, what might we expect from its prevalence in our country, where every man, woman and child strives to imitate the fancies or follies of the rich? Instead of five hundred thousand powdered heads, we should probably have at least five millions, if the practice is fairly introduced.

A pound per week was the usual allowance to each head when the British soldiers were obliged to appear on parade with their hair elaborately dressed with flour. Between the demand for hoops for ladies' garments, and powder for every body's head, it is easy to conceive a state of things when the destruction of hoop poles and flour would cause their fashions to be a serious detriment to the public interests.—*Worcester Ægis.*

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The Lynchburg Republican has the following notice of an interesting incident which occurred in connection with the recent annual commencement of Washington College, at Lexington:

"On the afternoon of Commencement day, the Alumni of the College were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, N. J. This venerable and excellent Divine is the oldest Alumnus of the College living, and stood up, in his 82d year, to perform the duty assigned to him. Great interest was imparted to the occasion by the fact that the aged speaker was amongst his native hills, breathing his native air, and surrounded by numerous relatives and friends, who all revered him as a patriarch, and loved him as a brother and father. His address, which was upon the subject of Education, was full of simplicity and wisdom. It represented the matured opinions of and reflections of a long life of observation, and what is more, of long experience in teaching. He looked with a jealous eye upon many of the novelties in our system of Education, and seemed to cry, with oracular wisdom, 'seek ye the old paths, and walk ye therein.'

"After having advanced with apparent ease through more than half of his speech, in consequence of the oppressive heat and bad air of the room, he was compelled to rest for a while. He shortly resumed his discourse; but was compelled again to take his seat, when he soon *swooned.* The scene now became one of deep and thrilling interest. All feared a serious, if not fatal issue, and every heart was full of anxiety and sorrow. However, on being removed from the house into the pure air of the yard, he soon recovered, and rising from the grass, he insisted on returning to the church and resuming his discourse. The congregation assembled, but he had not proceeded far before the paleness of death stole over his face, and he was again carried forth apparently lifeless. Again he was speedily recovered, and again he expressed his desire and determination to proceed with his address; nor could the prayers and entreaties of friends turn him from his purpose. He did not, however, return to the church, but seated on a chair in the midst of that venerable church yard, he discoursed to the congregation, while they stood around him listening to his words with silent and breathless attention. The portion of the discourse which he seemed so reluctant to leave unuttered, was a glowing eulogy upon the late Mr. Graham, the founder of the College—a person to whom it would seem the College and the State owe much. In concluding his remarks, in that place of graves, he referred to the fact of his being the oldest of the Alumni, and that soon some of those who were then surrounding him would occupy his place. He was soon to pass away, and they in their turn would be the *last.* He tenderly counselled them to put their trust in God, to make the Saviour of sinners their friend, and with his solemn testimony to the truth and value and excellency of religion he bade them all a final adieu, with the prayer that he might meet them all in Heaven. It was a solemn, heavenly scene! A place where we were forced to say, 'It is good to be here.' The venerable Father in Israel from amongst the tombs of departed generations, had, as it were, delivered his dying counsel—it had been received into eager ears and softened hearts, and we were waiting to hear from his lips the words of one of old, 'Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!' That place was Bochim; but they sorrowed 'most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more.'"

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.—A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours, a few days since. "Oh pray pull it out," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," said the dark headed damsel, "it is no sort of consequence how many come if they only come in black."

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune is furnishing that paper with a series of spirited sketches, entitled "Hyeroglyphics on Havana." In one of these "hyeroglyphics," we find the following pleasing sketch of a scene of domestic felicity, which the writer witnessed while at Guines:

The houses in Guines are mostly of one story—are built with barred windows, and after the fashion of those of the same height in Havana. The flooring is made of a mortar as glossy as marble. At one of these houses on the confines of the town, we witnessed what appeared to us to be one of the most perfect pictures of domestic felicity on which we ever looked. The walls of the house were white as "unsunned snow;" the roof projected over the banquette, which was of the smooth and glossy substance already described—thus giving it the appearance of a colonnade. A large mango tree threw its leafy branches over the roof from behind, and the honeysuckle crept up the wall in front. The red morocco bottom chairs, with their rows of bright brass nails might be seen opposite the window, in the clean, well arranged parlor, and a bird of pretty plumage chirrupped its notes of gladness in a small wire cage by the door side.

To the right of the door, sat a venerable looking couple smoking their cigars, who, like John Anderson and his "guid" woman, had seen their "bairns' bairns," one of whom, a merry looking lad, played with a small dog before them. To the left sat a young woman dressed in white, with strongly marked Spanish features. Her black hair clustered in curls down her neck of alabaster whiteness—

"Her large dark eye showed deep passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source."

She sang, in a partially suppressed tone, a Spanish ballad, touching, by way of accompaniment, with her finely tapered fingers, the strings of a guitar. By her side sat a dark looking young man, witched with the melody of his lady-love, for such she seemed to be.

"Each was the other's mirror, and but read
 Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a gem.
And knew such brightness was but the reflection
 Of their exchanging glances of affection."

An old blind man came feeling his way along. He would have got tripped up by the rise of the banquette, had not the boy, with instinctive goodness of heart, run from his grandsire, and conducted the poor negro past the house.

The whole scene—its characters and colorings—prefigured more strongly peace, love, and contentment, than any thing we had before ever seen.

"And we said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here."

SAM SLICK'S ACCOUNT OF AN Aristocratic Dinner in England.

Well! there is *dinner.* One service of plate is like another service of plate, any one dozen of servants are like another dozen of servants, hock is hock and champagne is champagne. The only difference is in the thing itself that's cooked. Veal, to be good, must look like any thing else but veal, you mustn't know it when you see it, or its vulgar; mutton must be lamb, too; beef must have a mask on; anythin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; anythin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems real flesh, its only disguise, for it's sure to be fish; nothing must be natural; natur' is out of fashion here.

This is a manufacturin' country, every thing is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say that the dinner machinery is perfect. Servants keep goin' round and round in a ring slow, but certain and for ever, like the arm of a great big windmill, shoving dish after dish, in dumb show, after your nose, for you to see how you like the flavour, when your glass is empty, it's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it's off too, afore you can say Nick Biddle. Folks speak low here: steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a "*subdued tone.*" Poor tame things, they are subdued, that's a fact, slaves to an arbitrary tyrannical fashion, that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't often speak across a table, no more nor you do across a street, but p'haps Mr. Somebody of West end of Town will say to Mr. Nobody of West end of America, "Niagra is noble." Mr. Nobody will say, "Yes, it is; it got it's patent afore the Norman *conquest,* I reckon; and afore the *subdued* tone came in fashion." Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle, and say, "Great rivers and great trees in America! You speak good English," and then he will seem surprised, but not say it, only you can read the words on his face, "Upon my soul you're a'most as white as us."

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was a green spot in the wilderness
Touch'd by the river Jordan. The dark pine
Never had dropped its tassels on the moss
Tufting the leaning bank, nor on the grass
Of the broad circle stretching evenly
To the straight larches, had a heavier foot
Than the wild heron's trodden. Softly in
Through a long aisle of willows, dim and cool,
Stole the clear waters with their muffled feet,
And hushing as they spread into the light,
Circled the edges of the pebbled tank
Slowly, then rippled through the woods away.

Hither had come the Apostle of the wild,
Winding the river's course. 'Twas near the flush
Of eve, and with a multitude around,
Who from their cities had come out to hear,
He stood breast high amid the running stream,
Baptizing as the Spirit gave him power.
His simple raiment was of camel's hair,
A leathern girdle close about his loins,
His beard unshorn, and his daily meat
The locust and wild honey of the wood;
But like the face of Moses on the Mount
Shone his rapt countenance, and in his eye
Burned the mild fire of love; and as he spoke
The ear leaned to him, and persuasion swift
To the chain'd spirit of the listener stole.

Silent upon the green and sloping bank
The people sat, and while the leaves were shook
With the birds dropping early to their nests,
And the gray eve came on within their hearts
They mused if he were Christ. The rippling stream
Still turned its silver courses from his breast
As he divined their thought. "I but baptize,"
He said, "with water; but there cometh one
The latchet of whose shoes I may not dare
Even to unloose. He will baptize with fire
And with the Holy Ghost." And lo! while yet
The words were on his lips, he raised his eyes,
And on the bank stood Jesus. He had laid
His raiment off, and with his loins alone
Girt with a mantle, and his perfect limbs
In their angelic slightness, meek and bare
He waited to go in. But John forbade,
And hurried to his feet and stay'd him there,
And said "Nay, Master! I have need of thine,
Not thou of mine!" And Jesus, with a smile
Of heavenly sadness, met his earnest looks,
And answered, "suffer it to be so now;
For thus it doth become me to fulfil
All righteousness." And, leaning to the stream,
He took around him the apostle's arm,
And drew him gently to the midst.
 The wood
Was thick with a dim twilight as they came
Up from the water. With his clasped hands
Laid on his breast, the apostle silently
Followed his Master's footsteps; when lo! a light,
Bright as the tenfold glory of the sun,
Yet lambent as the softly burning stars,
Enveloped them, and from the heavens away
Parted the dim blue ether like a veil;
And as a voice fearful exceedingly,
Broke from the midst, "THIS IS MY MUCH LOVED SON,
IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED," a snow white dove,
Floating upon its wings, descended through,
And, shedding a swift music from its plumes,
Circled and flutter'd to the Saviour's breast.

The Humorist.

☞ A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, says:—"Sam Laughman's last is right good." A chap walking out, came across "old Mose" sitting in the broiling sun, fishing. "Well, Mose," said he, "what in the world are you doing thar?" "Fiffin!" (fishing.) "What!" "Fiffin!" "Fishing—well, what's the reason you can't talk? what's in your mouth!" "Oh, nuffin but *wums* (worms) for bait!" I halloed for old Isaak, when Sam opened his "wum" box.

☞ Two black men in the street—one says to the other, "Sambo, my master is dead, and died insolvent." "Solvent," replied the other, "what be dat?" "Why, it is being unable to pay his debts, Sambo, what you 'spose?" "Qui! why he no borrow money and pay his debts, and die like gemman?"

☞ "Puseyism, puseyism!" said an old lady, looking over her specs at a newspaper which had much to say about Puseyism. "I always thought folks would get more in favor of cats, and this editor is clean carried away with them."

☞ "You abused me," said an enraged debtor to his creditor, "you actually abused me—you sent me a *dunning letter.*" "Nay, friend," rejoined his cool companion, "you deceive yourself—I sent thee but a *billet due.*"

☞ We heard of a polite Frenchman one time, who carried his ideas of gallantry to so high a pitch of sublimity, as to run around the other side of a lady, when her shadow fell, so that he could avoid stepping on it.

☞ Burke once mentioned to Fox that he had written a tragedy. "Did you let Garrick see it?" inquired his friend. "No," replied Burke. "I indeed had the folly to write it, but the wit to keep it to myself."

☞ "Have you got your task, this morning, miss?" said one of the lady teachers of the public school, yesterday, to a pupil. "No, ma'am," said the artless girl, "but sister Ellen has got the Influenza."

☞ A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied—"How should I know what he said? I am not skilful in any of the 'dead languages!'"

☞ "What did you give for that horse?" inquired a friend of the facetious Mr. H. as he was riding by. "My note," was the significant reply; "wasn't that cheap enough?"

☞ A school boy coming one day to that celebrated line of Pope, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," read it, "A little *lawyer* is a dangerous thing."

☞ A Philadelphia lady being once asked, how many dog days there are, answered that there must be a great many, for every dog has his day.

☞ Two travellers having been robbed in a wood, and tied to trees at some distance from each other, one of them in despair exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone!" "Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

☞ An exchange paper states that a man in New York the other day, while drunk, fell so hard against a curbstone, as to knock two letters out of his name. His companions now do not know him.

☞ "What is the chief end of man?" inquired a school teacher of a pretty miss. "Why, I suppose it is to *pop the question.*"

☞ Why is a kiss from a girl fishing for a beau, like a Marblehead mackerel boat? Because it is a *fishing smack.*

☞ I'm not in the vein, as the physician said when he made an unsuccessful attempt to bleed a patient.

☞ Why is a solar eclipse like a mother thrashing her own child? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

☞ Why is hope like a piece of decayed cheese? Because thousands live in it.

☞ Why is a bag of meal like the earth? Because it's *ground.*

The Far West.

THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

It has been the fashion with travellers to talk of the scenery of the Mississippi as wanting grandeur and beauty. Most certainly it has neither. But there is no scenery on earth more striking. The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untrodden, save by the foot of the Indian; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators which float past, apparently asleep, on the driftwood; and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the waters; the trees, with a long and hideous drapery of pendant moss, fluttering in the wind; and the giant river rolling onward the vast volume of its dark and turbid waters through the wilderness—form the features of one of the most dismal and impressive landscapes on which the eye of man ever rested. If any one think proper to believe that such objects are not, in themselves, sufficient, I beg only to say that I differ with him in point of taste. Rocks and mountains are fine things undoubtedly, but they could add nothing of sublimity to the Mississippi. Pelion might be piled on Ossa, Alps on Andes, and still, to the heart and perceptions of the spectator, the Mississippi would be *alone.* It can brook no rival, and it finds none. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth's surface. It is the traveller of five thousand miles, more than two-thirds of the diameter of the globe. The imagination asks, whence come its waters, and whither tend they? They come from the distant regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted. They flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole body of which acknowledges their influence. Through what varieties of climate have they passed! On what scenes of lonely and sublime magnificence have they gazed? Have they penetrated

The hoary forests, still the bison's screen,
 Where stalked the mammoth to his shaggy lair,
Through paths and alleys, roofed with sombre green,
 Thousands of years before the silent air
Was pierced by whizzing shafts of hunter keen?

In short, when the traveller has asked and answered these questions and a thousand others, it will be time enough to consider how far the scenery of the Mississippi would be improved by rocks and mountains. He may then be led to doubt whether any *great* effect can be produced by a combination of objects of discordant character, however grand in themselves. The imagination is perhaps susceptible but of a single powerful impression at a time. Sublimity is uniformly connected with unity of object. Beauty may be produced by the happy adaptation of a multitude of harmonious details; but the highest sublimity of effect can proceed but from one glorious and paramount object, which impresses its own character on everything around. The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that of a solemn gloom. I have trodden the passes of Alp and Appenine, yet never felt how awful a thing is nature, till I was borne on its waters through regions desolate and uninhabitable. Day after day, and night after night, we continued driving right downward to the south; our vessel, like some huge demon of the wilderness, bearing fire in her bosom, and canopying the eternal forest with the smoke of her nostrils. How looked the hoary river god I know not; nor what thought the alligators, when awakened from their slumber by a vision so astounding. But the effect on my own spirits was such as I have never experienced before or since. Conversation became odious, and I passed my time in a sort of dreamy contemplation. At night, I ascended to the highest deck, and lay for hours gazing listlessly on the sky, the forest and the waters, amid silence only broken by the clanging of the engine. All this was very pleasant; yet, till I reached New Orleans, I could scarcely have smiled at the best joke in the world; and as for raising a laugh—it would have been quite as easy to quadrate the circle.—*Hamilton's Men and Manners in America.*

From the Journals.

EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR THE DEGREE OF B. A. IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, 1843.—What is the difference between being out on leg bail, and being out for leg before wicket?—between Magna Charter and Charter of the Lyceum?—between the Bill of Rights and that of your tailor? Mention what you know of the life and adventures of the famous dog Billy. Did he bear any, and what, relationship to the Dog Bill just kicked out of Parliament? Trace accurately the steps by which the invention of pickled cucumbers is referred to the reign of King Jeremiah. Write a short essay upon club feet, club legs, the knave of clubs, and Mr. Joshua Jones Ashley. Has Mr. Henson, the inventor of the "Ariel," any pretensions to the title of the modern Diddle-us? Show, if you can, wherein the wit of this question consists; and state the difference between a pun spoken and a pundit. The whole is equal to all its parts; how do you apply this rule to the case of a blockhead (Joseph Hume, for instance) who has no parts at all? Reconcile the expressions, "flat blasphemy," and "swearing roundly." Will squaring the circle assist you in the process? Compare the Perse of Æschylus with the Percy Anecdotes, and the Pindar of Thebes with the Pinder of Wakefield. Refute the calumny that there is something sheepish in the degree of "B. A." conferred by this University. Consider whether its utter inability to take up a position of any elevation is, or is not, owing to its want of wings. Or whether its sickly state can be in any way laid to the charge of the patients in the hospital opposite. Give a sketch of its history, and present prospects; including in the former speech of Colonel Stanhope; and in the latter, the North London and Grafton street East.—*Punch.*

"BOOKS OF THE SEASON."—Our library table is strewed with books of the season, the principal of which is our Grocer's Book; and we find that we have let these matters get into such arrears, that the authors or compilers of these books must naturally be impatient for us to take some notice of them. Our Grocer's Book is an instructive little manual, from which we find that coffee is two shillings a pound, and that moist sugar is sold at the rate of seven pence the pound—presenting a curious analogy to the income tax. We may, however, draw a distinction; for while the one is sweet, the other is bitter. Our Butcher's Book is a very curious production, and is written partly in hieroglyphics, particularly that part of it which relates to *items;* though the sum total is set out with laudable distinctness. We have not been very well pleased with the annotations, and there is a note at the end of the last page which we thought extremely irrelevant. It speaks of the necessity the author is under of meeting a heavy payment on a certain day, and craves the assistance of the individual to whom the book is dedicated. It will be seen that the author is of sanguine temperament, which is liable to lead him to the commission of some absurdities.—*London Punch.*

LA GRIPPE.—There seems to be no escaping this general distemper. A 'coon, by playing 'possum, might escape the rifle of Capt. Scott, but there is no evading the *grippe* of influenza. Its unrelenting course was well described yesterday by a Hoosier on the Levee, with a crystal drop hanging from his proboscis, and his eyes swimming in a brackish kind of liquid.

"What, Bill," asked an acquaintance who met him, "have you got the influenzar?"

"Well, I'm in for it, Jim; that's a fact. I thought to dodge it, but couldn't—and it's the first time I ever failed in anything. I have dodged a streak of lightning, stood a blow-up on the Mississippi, and never grinned, had a tug with a *bar,* and kicked him until he cried out, "Enough!"—but I give in to your cowardly, sneaking influenzar—it don't give a fellow a fair chance, no how. Ough, ough, ough! Dod rot it! how it makes me cough!"—*Picayune.*

FAMILY LEMONADE, ACCORDING TO PUNCH'S RECEIPT.—Get a jug and run with it to the water-butt, wash out with a small quantity of aqueous fluid, and wipe dry with a clean glass-cloth. Now you may take your lemon, being careful to choose the very best you can meet with. Slice with an ordinary knife into a common plate, and throw the pieces smartly into the jug, taking care that they reach the bottom. Seize your sugar-basin, and sweeten at discretion, adding a little more when you think there is need of it. Take your kettle and pour your boiling water over your lemon, stirring all the while with the handle of a toasting-fork. Be careful not to leave off stirring until you know your sugar is dissolved, when you may sit down and wait for time to cool the refreshing beverage. Serve up in tumblers or mugs; in default of which you may drink out of the pitcher.

COUNT AND DISCOUNT.—A French Count, or a counterfeit of the character, and a Jew money broker disputed in a restaurat down town yesterday. "*Sacre!*" said the Frenchman, rapping his cane furiously against the ground; "you know who I am—eh? I be one gran' French Count—ha!" "Vhel, dhen, Monsieur French Gount," said the Israelite, "you knowsh who I ish—eh? Vhel, I shell you; if you beesh *del* Gount—(pointing to the Frenchman)—I ish *dis*-Gount," (Discount)—pointing to himself. The landlord thought that neither of them was of any account, and told them if they meant to continue their quarrel, they should carry it on outside the door.—*Pic.*

INTERESTING FACT.—There is at present in the possession of an individual in this place a male canary of about fifteen years of age, that is unable to feed itself, and to whose musical powers ill-natured time has put a complete stop. On the same floor, but in a separate apartment, is another male canary, a son of the aged bird. This young one, being allowed to leave his cage early in the morning and fly about at pleasure, is in the practice of visiting his old friend, and kindly feeding him as birds feed their young; and this he does several times in the course of the day. He also perches on the cage of his progenitor and sings with great spirit, no doubt to cheer up his old relative in his declining days. The old bird has a particular way of calling on this prop of his old age when he requires his services, which are always given and received with mutual satisfaction. When the young bird is in any way obstructed from attending to the call of the other, he appears to be very angry, and expresses his displeasure in a certain noisy and screaming manner, which is well understood by the inmates of the house.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

A NUT FOR LOVER OR LEVER.—A waiter, (of course a genuine son of Erin, of the Handy Andy genius) was sent out by his employer, a well-known restorateur in this city, to buy two shillings' worth of nutmegs. An apothecary's being the nearest place at which they could be purchased, Pat bought them there, and received twelve for his money. Bringing them home, he was told that he had paid a good deal more than they were worth, and was bidden to carry them back. But what should he say in apology for returning them? "T'll him," said the cook, "that you made a blunder: it was soup you were wanting." Pat's eye winked almost perceptibly as he set out on his errand, and soon he returned with thirty-two nutmegs from the grocer's, for his two shillings. "And how did you get the 'pothecary to take them back, Pat?" asked the cook. "Oh! aisy!" was the reply. "I tould the ould chap that the fault was a crazy cook's sure, who didn't know what it was she was after wanting, at all at all; and he took them back without a whimper!"—*New York Express.*

DAY'S DUTIES.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN, 1595.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; our hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy thoughts, then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all the day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt Heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun rising; the far day sullies flowers;
Rise to prevent the sun—sleep doth sins glut,
And Heaven's gate opens when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them; not a spring
Or leaf but hath this morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know "I AM;" canst thou not sing?
Oh, leave thy cares and follies; go thy way!
And thou art sure to prosper all thy day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him—and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones—weep for thy sin—
Then journey on and have an eye to heaven.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper—mix not with each day;
Despatch necessities—life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Choice Scraps.

SCRAPS.

[FROM THE NEW MIRROR.]

DOUBLE CANVASS.—When Commodore Porter last visited this city, he spent much of his time at the residence of the late General Morton, who, as every body knows, was a man of very agreeable wit and compliment. The walls of the general's library were graced with various productions of the pencil and graver, and among them full-length portraits of several distinguished naval officers—Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Morris, and others. The commodore expressed his admiration of the fidelity and effect of these; but said they were too large. "Now I intend to add my portrait to your collection shortly; but it shall be done in quite a different style." "Then you do not like these!" said the general. "Not exactly," replied the commodore; "there's entirely too much canvass." "That's a very singular objection for you to make," observed the facetious general, directing the attention of his guest to a small picture representing the engagement of the Essex with a frigate and a sloop of war, off Valparaiso, which hung in one corner of the room, "a very singular objection, indeed, when we have before us an evidence that it will require double the usual quantity of canvass *to take you!*"

IMMEDIATE RELIEF.—During the "panic" in the money-market, some few years ago, a meeting of merchants was held in the Exchange, to devise ways and means to extricate themselves from their pecuniary difficulties. The great hall was crowded, addresses were made, resolutions passed, committees appointed, and everything done that is usual and necessary. After all this, one of the company moved that the meeting stand adjourned until some future day, when up jumped a little jobber, in a great state of excitement, and requested the merchants to linger a moment, as he had something of the greatest importance to communicate. The jobber was known to be a very diffident person; and, as he had never ventured on the responsibilities of a speech on any former public occasion, all were anxious to hear what he had to say. "Gentlemen," said he, with evident emotion, and in the most emphatic feeling and eloquent manner, "what's the use of talking of some *future* day! We want relief, I tell you!—*immediate relief!*" and down he sat amidst a universal roar of laughter. *The next day he failed!!*

A FINANCIER.—Gilfert, the actor, like Sheridan, was in the habit of borrowing money from every body, very little of which was ever paid back; but he always intended to return it at the time he promised. He was a visionary man, and did not make the best calculations in the world. We heard of his meeting a friend in the Bowery, one day, when the following conversation took place: "Ah," said Gilfert, "you are the very man I wanted to see. Lend me two hundred dollars." "I would, in a moment," replied his friend, "but it is impossible. I have a note to pay, and I don't know where to get the money." "A note," said Gilfert, "so have I. Let me see your notice." The gentleman produced it from his pocket-book. "Well, how much are you short?" "About two hundred dollars," said his friend. To his utter surprise, Gilfert handed him the money. "There," said he, "go and pay your note. I'll let mine be protested, as they can't be both taken up. If your note laid over, it might hurt your credit, but with me it don't matter, as I am used to that sort of business."

A HOMŒOPATHIC DOSE.—Doctors are fond of ridiculing each other, and their controversies are at times quite amusing. It is well known that the practitioners of the old school have a mortal antipathy to the disciples of the new. Among your regular Galens, homœopathia is exceedingly unpopular—they scout it on all occasions. A lady called on Dr. Francis, an eminent practitioner, and an adherent to the Sangrado system, with an imaginary complaint of the heart, and was recommended by him in derision to try Dr. Hahnemann's method. "What is that?" asked the invalid. "Why, madam," said he, "it is a sovereign remedy for every complaint under the sun. In your case, I would advise you to dissolve one grain of muriate of soda (common salt) in a hogshead of rain-water, and take a tea-spoonful every six months." The lady followed the advice thus given, and, strange to say, after two doses, was entirely cured of her complaint, and recommended it to others as a specific in all similar cases! Such is the power of the imagination.

DECLINING A CHALLENGE.—At one time Gilfert owed Conrad, the printer, a bill. Conrad grew tired of dunning him for it, and one day wrote Gilfert a letter, which put the manager in a towering fury. Down he sat, and challenged Conrad to fight, declaring that if he refused, he would horsewhip him in the public streets the next day. Conrad returned for answer that he would not fight until his bill was paid, as no man in his senses would go out to shoot at his own money. Some few weeks after this occurrence, Gilfert had an unexpected windfall. Conrad received a letter from him, couched in something like the following terms:

"MY DEAR CONRAD—I was wrong; but you had no right to insult me. Yet I ought to have paid you the money before. I enclose it to you now, principal and interest. Come and dine with me. *Tout à vous.* GILFERT."

PROFESSIONAL MURDER.—No man in this country had a larger circle of acquaintance than the late Doctor Hosack. He stood in Wall street half an hour one morning, talking with a friend, and the citizens generally spoke to him as they passed. It is incredible the number of nods and how-d'ye-do's and how-are-yo's the worthy physician received in the short space above mentioned. These, however, were so numerous as to induce his friend to remark—"Why, doctor, you appear to be pretty well known in New York!" "Yes," replied the M. D., with a little pardonable self-conceit, "I think, if I were to commit murder, they would find me out." "Why, yes," returned the other, "except you did it in the way of your profession." The doctor, it is said, did not relish the joke.

SYMPATHY.

Oh, smile to those that smile on thee;
 For there is nought on earth so sweet
As when the heart is full of glee,
 A look of kindred glee to meet!
The evening star, that shines alone,
Can scarcely through the shades be known;
But when her sisters all arise,
How brilliant are the midnight skies!

Oh weep for those that weep for thee;
 For there is nought on earth below
Like mingling tears of sympathy,
 For drooping hearts of care and woe.
The flowers of pleasure rise again,
Like blossoms wet with summer rain;
And hope returns to light the eye,
Like sunshine when the clouds go by.

MRS. ELLIS SAYS—and truly, too, as many men and women can testify—"that there is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness, as when she leaves her bed-room, and sits down to breakfast."

Choice Anecdotes.

REVERSED MERIT.—This maxim was often illustrated during the time of the French revolution. Singularly enough in the instance we are about to relate. It is well known that the poor quadruped, the ass, has been disgraced time out of mind by a comparison with a sort of bipeds not uncommon amongst the "*genus homo.*" Now it was a characteristic of Napoleon to discover and reward merit where others could not see or appreciate it. Seeing something in the poor quadruped which no one else had observed, he determined to place him in better company.

Bonaparte's fondness for the society of the learned or *savans* is well known. He carried a number of savans with him to his Egyptian expedition for the sake of the enjoyment which their society afforded him, but they took no active part in the bloody scenes of that memorable campaign. To resist the deadly onset of the Egyptian horsemen, Bonaparte was accustomed to form his army into a hollow square and place his artillery at the corners. The centre was of course the place of safety. The standing order then was, when the terrible Mamelukes approached.

"Form square! Artillery at the angles! Asses and savans in the centre!"

The soldiers thenceforth called asses "demi-savans."

THE WIT OF AN AUCTIONEER.—An amusing writer of comic sketches in London gives the following specimen of the wit of one of that class known as mock auctioneers.

"Who'll buy this padlock and key?" (Holding it up to the light and turning it round and round.) This is a lock—no sham here. Taint a Bramah, for them can't be picked. Now this is a lock, picked out of ten thousand, my friends and picked out by myself—out of the choicest lot in the country. There's music for you. (Locks and unlocks it) Why, it clicks like a gun lock. It's dog cheap at three shillings, and you may have it for eighteen-pence. Who says? It has as many wards as London, and holds as tight as a bull-dog. There's real strength in it. Samson's strength was in his locks, but this beat him entirely. Come, give us a bid. You must have something to lock up. If you're married, lock up your wife and keep her from gadding about, save your shoe leather and doctor's bills. Come, give us a bid. Sixpence, did you say, sir? Thank you, sir. It is yours."

STRICT CONSTRUCTION.—A politician in North Carolina, in a recent speech, introduced the following very clever story. We do not know but what it may be old; if so, it will certainly bear repetition:—

Mr. Macon on starting for Congress on one occasion, gave his overseer written directions as to the management of his plantation during his absence, which he calculated would not be longer than May.

One item of the instructions was, that his sheep were to be kept in a certain field. Well, the overseer observed instructions to the letter, and the old gentleman, when he come home, at a somewhat later period than he had expected, called for an account of his stewardship.

"Among the rest, how are the sheep?" demanded he. "Dead, sir." "Dead!—how's that?" "Why, sir, you told me to keep them in the field, and when the summer came on, the water dried up, and they all died." "But why didn't you move them to another field?" "Oh sir, I looked into the paper you gave me, and it wasn't *thar.*"

PRINTERS' JOKES.—It is the practice among waggish printers, when a "green 'un" enters the office as *devil,* to play jokes on him by sending him on an errand to a neighboring office, for something that he would be sure not to find, and he returns with some strange article or other, thinking that in printers' phrase, he has got what he was sent for. A joke of this kind was recently perpetrated in a neighboring town. A boy who was rather "verdant" went to learn the printing business, and one of the journeymen, loving sport, sent him one day with a dish to a certain editor, to borrow "a gill of editorial." The editor, understanding the game, returned a picture of a *jackass.* The first one, finding himself rather "come over," set his wits to work to think how he should be even with the other. At last he called the lad, and told him to go and tell the editor that "it was *editorial* which he wanted, and not the *editor!*"

CONTENTMENT.—In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone with this inscription: This house was erected by Count D——, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now I am in that state of which I am willing to make oath; you will therefore, please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are quite right, sir, with respect of my intentions, but as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. *If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!*"

FINE-ANCIERING.—Passing down Camp street yesterday, we heard the following dialogue between two draymen, who sat on the threshold of one of the store doors:—

1st Drayman.—"So they fined you agin, Mick!"

2d Drayman.—"Throth thin they did, Martin. Be gor! a sweep might as well expict to git clare of soot, as a man to git clare of a fine from the Second Municipality!"

1st Drayman.—"They fined me no less than three times."

2d Drayman.—"And me five times."

1st Drayman.—"Well, Mick, I often heerd that the Second Municipality min wor mighty great *fineanciers;* but if any one doubts it afther this, I'll take me 'davy of it!" [Meaning he would swear to it.—*Pic.*

A GREAT SECRET.—"How do you do, Mrs. Tome? Have you heard that story, Mrs. Lurdy?" "Why no, really Mrs. Gab, what is it—do tell!" "O, I promised not to tell for the world. No, I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it will get out." "O, I'll never tell on't so long as I live, just as true as the world; what is it, come, tell." "Now you won't say anything about it—will you?" "No, I will never open my head about it, sacredly. Hope to die this minute." "Well if you believe me, Mrs. Funpay told me last night, Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by one who saw it, that Mrs. Trouble's eldest daughter told Mrs. Nichtine that she heard that a milliner told her that *bustles* were going out of fashion."

Choice Selections.

THE CROWNED MOURNER.

[Michael Wisniowecki, a private citizen who was elected King of Poland, is said to have wept when the crown was placed upon his head.]

The northern sun, in his noonday splendor,
 Is shining on Vola's sacred field,
But sees not Jagellon's early grandeur,
 No beams upon Sobieski's shield;
Yet still there are knightly lances gleaming,
 And banners floating on summer's air,
And the clang of the trumpets, loud proclaiming
 That Poland hath chosen her monarch there.
Hark! to the voice of a nation, rending
 The cloudless calm of the noontide now;
Hark! to the hymn, with the cannon blending,
 As they place the crown on their chosen's brow.
The best and the bravest bow before him,
 With dauntless hearts and with matchless brands,
And the skies of his land bend brightly o'er him,
 But sad and silent the Monarch stands.
Why is it thus? tho' his birth was lowly,
 Nor Fame nor Fortune had smiled on him,
Yet the crown was won by no deeds that sully
 Its splendor, nor make its radiance dim.
Whence spring the tears? for the great and glorious
 Have sought that sceptre with prayer and vow,
And he without strife hath been victorious,
 But what doth the crown'd one weep for now?
Ah! did some dream of the past awaken,
 Even as that sunrise of Fortune shone
Of one true heart that the grave hath taken,
 Who might have sweetened and shared his throne?
Or found he the thorns beneath the glory,
 When others saw but the circling gold;
Or did the Muse of his country's story
 Some page of her future woes unfold?
There have been tears when the bride was leaving
 Her mother's breast for a stranger's arms;
There have been tears when the nun was giving
 To Heaven the flower of her maiden charms.
There hath been weeping, aye blent with laughter,
 O'er sceptres shivered and thrones cast down;
But never before, nor ever after,
 We saw it beneath a new-born crown!

FRANCES BROWN.

A NEW FASHIONED WEATHERCOCK.—A new instrument intended to show the probable courses of the winds, has been invented in France. It was tried lately at Rochefort. A letter in the Debats describes it as follows:

"It consists of a thin piece of wood three or four inches long, freely balanced, as the needle of a mariner's compass, on a steel pivot, by means of an agate inserted in the wood. At one of the extremities, about a third of the length, there is made a slit, in which are placed three or four magnets, about half an inch from each other. They are formed of bits of flattened watch spring from one to three inches in length. They are fixed perpendicularly to the horizon, and therefore free from all polarity. They have all their south pole above the bit of wood, and their north pole below it. These magnets act exactly as the direction finger of the weathercock, and show the direction of the wind. The instrument may furnish interesting instructions with respect to the connexion between magnetism and electricity, on the probability that the variation of the winds are due to electric currents. What renders it of great importance is the fact that these indications take place a quarter of an hour, and sometimes even half an hour before the changes which occur in the winds, as those of the barometer do in the variations of the weather."

"How degenerate is our race in this country!" said a travelled spaniel to his fellows. "In those distant regions which men call the Indies, there are still real hounds. Such hounds, brothers, you will not believe me, and yet I have seen it with my own eyes, that they do not fear even a lion, but will boldly attack him." "But," asked the sedate looking greyhound, "do they overcome the lion?" "Overcome!" was the answer, "No, I cannot exactly say they do that. Still, only think of it, to attack a lion!" "Oh," replied the greyhound, since they do not overcome him, thy famous Indian hounds are—better than ourselves by no means, but a good deal sillier.—*Lessing.*

WOMAN'S PLACE.

BY MISS A. GAMMAGE.

Oh, where is woman's loveliest place,
 Where shineth her star most bright?
Is she the fairest in courtly bowers,
 And in halls that beam with light?
When she glideth through the mazy dance,
 A joyous and brilliant thing,
Does her beauty then to the gazers hearts
 The truest of rapture bring?
Oh no! it is not in festive scenes
The light of beauty the fairest beams.

Is it when by the spirit of freedom roused
 She graspeth the spear and shield,
And scruples not in a rightful cause
 To enter the battle-field;
But leads with the mien of one inspired
 The brave and the warlike on;
Nor pauseth, so much as to dream of fear,
 Till her country's cause is won?
Oh then is the star of her glory bright,
But it shineth not with its purest light.

Is it when science or learning place
 Their wreaths on her temples fair,
And she looms in the pride of loveliness
 The laurels of fame to wear?
And many are listening with anxious hearts
 To catch but her slightest word;
As if it were not a daughter of earth
 But an angel that they heard.
Oh, is she not then to those listeners dear?
She is,—but think not her reign is here.

Home is fair woman's loveliest place,
 Oh there is her power supreme,
Although she may shine in other scenes
 It is but like a splendid dream.
But there she holdeth each heart in chains
 With a sweet but binding spell;
It passeth the might of an earthly tongue
 The strength of her reign to tell.
Oh *there* is her lovely star most bright—
There it shines with its holiest light.

SHORT SENTENCES FROM GOOD THINKERS.—To acquire a few tongues is the task of a few years, but to be eloquent in one is the labor of a life.

Death is the liberator of him whom freedom cannot release, the physician of him whom medicine cannot cure, and the comforter of him whom time cannot console.

To produce an effect, it is enough to unite two ideas, which are astonished at being together; the paradox itself will owe its success to its novelty and boldness.

Vain-glorious men are the scorn of wise men, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, and the slaves of their own vaunts.

Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights.

Suspicions among thoughts are like bats among birds—they ever fly by twilight.

No man was ever broken by adversity that was not first betrayed by prosperity.

Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire, and wise men use them.

To live by one man's will is the cause of many men's misery.

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.—It is impossible that any other two independent nations can have such a community of interests as England and America. In truth, we know of no material and substantial interests in which they are opposed; nay, in which they are separated; their origin, their laws, and their language are the same; their business, their prosperity, are identified. New York is but a suburb of Liverpool, or, if you will, Liverpool of New York. The failure of the Pennsylvania United States Bank has ruined more fortunes in England than in America; the manufacturers of Manchester share more wealth with Carolina than with Middlesex. We are not merely brothers and cousins; the ties of consanguinity we know are not always the bond of friendship; but we are partners, joint tenants as it were, of the commerce of the world; and we have had, as we have just hinted, melancholy experience that distress on either shore of the Atlantic, must be almost equally felt on the other.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.—The following sweet and simple expression of early piety is from the pen of Isaac Pray, Jr., of Boston:

Father! now the day is past,
On thy child thy blessing cast,
Near my pillow, hand in hand,
Keep thy guardian angel band;
And throughout the darkling night
Bless me with a cheerful light.
Let me rise at morn again
Free from every thought of pain;
Pressing through life's thorny way,
Keep me, Father, day by day!

EVERY enjoyment of life has three distinct stages—anticipation—reality—and reminiscence, and it is more difficult than it first appears to be, to decide on the character, extent, and value of each. Hope is the most extravagant and imaginative; action, the most engrossing and tangible; memory, the most calm, and durable, and sober.—*Miss Pardoe.*

IT IS COMMONLY supposed that when those of the same profession speak in disparagement of each other, they are actuated only by envy or jealousy. The cause may as often be, that they are more competent judges on the subject than others. There is usually a reciprocal good feeling among professional men whose merits are indisputable.

The Olio.

DIRECTING A TRAVELLER.—Please to direct me to Stevenson's Mills, said a stranger to an old codger in ——. "Oh, yes, certainly. You may follow this road, bearing a little to the left, till you come to what is called the 'Old Robinson Place,' and then strike off to the right, and ——." "But, sir, being a stranger, how shall I know when I arrive at the Robinson Place?" "Well, then, you may keep on the road till you come to Deacon Moore's, and then ——." "Excuse me, sir, but I don't happen to know where Deacon Moore lives." "Well, then, you know where the old furnace stood, and when you get there——" "Indeed, sir, I can't say that I know where——." "Well, then, you tarnal fool, you don't know nothin', and I wont tell you nothin' about it." The traveller went on, guessing his way as well as he might, till he could find some other person to direct him.

A UTILITARIAN.—"Some twenty years ago," said a buxom dame, showing the antiquities of Dartford Church, "we lived in that old building you see through the windows there. It was in ancient times part of the nunnery." "There are some strange old things in such places," remarked we, inquiringly. "You may say that, sir," replied she; "and when we left, I wouldn't leave them behind me. I pulled down the whole Trojan War, Hector and Andromache, sir, tapestry hangings, all worked by the nuns; beautiful, sir." "Yes—well! have you sold them? Have you them yet? Where are they?" "Bless your heart, sir, they are worn out long ago! I cut them up, and made carpets of 'em."

HIBERNIAN ARITHMETIC.—An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the others but very indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred judges on the bench?" "An hundred judges?" said a stander-by, "there were but three." "By St. Patrick," replied he, "there were *one* and *two cyphers.*"

IN RUSSIA, a man goes to the minister to inform him of the death of his wife. "What will you give me for burying her?" asks the priest. "I am poor," he replies. "Well, give me your cow." "No; a cow is too valuable; I have a goose; you shall have that." "That is too little; I will not bury your wife for a goose; pay me thirty rubles." "I will give twenty." "No, that will not do; I will take twenty and a shirt." And so the bargain is concluded, but cordiality is at an end.

STRIKING A BARGAIN.—Aubrey, in his MS. collections, relates that in several parts of England, when two persons are driving a bargain, one holds out his right hand, and says, "strike me;" and if the other strike, the bargain holds, whence the "striking bargain." The practice is retained in the mode of saying "Done," to a wager offered, at the same time striking the hand of the wagerer.

MESMERISM.—A travelling lecturer on mesmerism the other week advertised that he would amputate a leg without any pain being felt. At the appointed hour of the lecture a goodly audience mustered; when lo! and behold, to the astonishment of the spectators, the lecturer commenced and mesmerised a table on the platform, and instantly sawed off one of its legs!

A NICE FELLOW—is one that gives you as much credit as you want, and never calls on you for payment.

A good fellow—is one that takes all your kicks and buffetings, and never asks why you do so.

An independent fellow—is one who does as he has a mind to, and in nine cases out of ten makes a fool of himself.

FEAR.—When Corporal Caithness was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied—"Afraid! why I was in a' the battles of the Peninsula!" And, having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said—"Na, na; I didna fear that; I was only afraid we should a' be killed before we had time to win it."

USEFUL DIET-DRINK.—Mahogany saw-dust, flavored with coffee, (says a London paper,) is extensive sold as a cheap breakfast powder! One of the consumers died the other day, and a mahogany music school was made from the indurated contents of his stomach!

"WAGES" IN ENGLAND.—The daily pay of the Duke of Wellington, for doing "nothing hardly," is £110 14s. 6d.; and a woman receives for manufacturing *twelve hundred round headed hob-nails,* five pence and *three farthings.* Something of a contrast!

HIGHLY GRATIFYING.—A country paper, speaking complimentary of a new grave-yard, says Mr. Henry —— had the *pleasure* of being the first individual buried in the new cemetery. Highly gratifying to Mr. Henry ——.

☞ "You shan't kiss me—no you shan't, nor touch me, you naughty man—unless you are the strongest, and I know you are," as the girl said to her beau when he attempted to steal a kiss.

BULLS.—An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the Hibernian told him, if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his *impenetrable* head, and let the brains out of his *empty* skull!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

NEW VOLUME. JULY, 1843.

EDITORS: GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The second semi-annual volume of Graham's Magazine, for 1843, was commenced with the July number. The Publisher and Editors, while expressing satisfaction of the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the Twenty-Third Volume. As is well known, no other magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE, constitute, alone, a corps equal to any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with one other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, among whom are FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, DR. BETHUNE, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, JOSEPH C. NEAL, RALPH WALDO EMERSON and others, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department the highest talent of the country will be enlisted and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America. Articles will appear in the Twenty-Third Volume from each of the following distinguished writers:

James K. Paulding, Author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," "Westward Ho!" etc. etc.
Fitz-Greene Halleck, Author of "Fanny," "Alnwick Castle," etc.
James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
Richard H. Dana, Author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," "Discourses on Shakspeare," etc.
William Cullen Bryant, Author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," etc.
T. C. Grattan, Author of "Highways and Byways," "Jacqueline of Holland," "History of the Netherlands," "The Heiress of Bruges," etc.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.
N. P. Willis, Author of "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband," "Inklings of adventure," "Letters from under a Bridge," etc.
Charles Fenno Hoffman, Author of "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," "A Winter in the West," "Greyslaer," etc.
William Falconer, Author of "Translations from Contemporary French and German Poets," "Residence in the Isle of France," etc.
Henry William Herbert, Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "The Maid of Orleans," "Ringwood the Rover," etc.
H. T. Tuckerman, Author of "Rambles and Reveries," "Isabella, or Sicily," etc.
Theodore S. Fay, Author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida, etc."
John H. Mancur, Author of "Henri Quatre, or the Days of the League," etc.
Rufus W. Griswold, Author of "The Poets and Poetry of America," etc.
James Russell Lowell, Author of "A Year's Life, and other Poems," "Old English Dramatists," etc.
Cornelius Mathews, Author of "The Politicians," "The Motley Book," "Puffer Hopkins," etc.
Rev. Walter Colton, Author of "Constantinople and Athens," "Ship and Shore," etc.
Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Author of "Random Shots," "Agatha," etc.
Alfred B. Street, Author of "Nature," "The Burning of Schenectady," etc.
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TERMS.

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For LIVER COMPLAINTS, GOUT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, FEVERS, NERVOUSNESS, ERYSIPELAS, and diseases of the SKIN, IMPURITY of the BLOOD, INFLAMMATIONS, MELANCHOLY, SICK HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, PAINS in the HEAD, BREAST, SIDE, BACK and LIMBS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c. &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much suffering and sickness might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides, it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic Medicines.

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In using them no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, if desirable, eat immediately after taking them.

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In small doses they are Alterative, and gently Laxative, but in large doses, they are actively cathartic; cleansing the whole alimentary canal from all putrid, irritating and fecal matters, and producing healthy secretions of the stomach, liver and the various other organs of the body.

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It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the super-abundant slime, or mucus so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. This mucus forms the beds, or nest in which worms produce their young, and by removing it—it is impossible for worms to remain in the body.

It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is ALWAYS IMPROVED by its use even when no Worms are discovered.

But it is very far, however, from being limited in its usefulness to mere cases of worms, for it may also be prescribed with most decided advantage in all derangements of the STOMACH and digestive organs—general debility, dropsical swellings, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, as SICK HEADACHE, flour albus, menorrhagia, &c., Piles, Dyspepsia, Weakness, loss of Appetite, &c. &c.

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DARLINGTON, Beaver Co., Pa., Feb. 1839.

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The same child, owing to exposure when recently coming up the Ohio, was attacked by that horrible malady, CROUP. We landed in the night at Beaver Point, and when our fears were alarmed least the hoarse, sepulchral cough was the forerunner of death, we gave him a tea spoon full of your Expectorant, and applied some liniment to the throat and breast; and before many minutes the hoarseness was gone, the child breathed freely and slept sweetly. Owing to these circumstances it cannot be wondered at why I advise every family to keep them on hand, ready for any emergency.

Respectfully yours, ARTHUR B. BRADFORD,
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From the Rev. Dr. Babcock, late President of Waterville College, Me., now of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

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Philadelphia, June 7, 1839.

BRIDGETON, July 19, 1839.

This may certify that I have used Doctor Jayne's Carminative Balsam very extensively in Bowel Complaints, and have not the least hesitation in declaring it superior to any preparation that I have met with, for the relief of those diseases. WILLIAM STEELLING, M. D.
Physician to the Cumberland N. J. Almshouse.

PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Dr Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit. Respectfully yours,
C. S. FITCH, M. D.,
No 172 Chesnut Street.

MOUNT TOWN, Va. Aug 27, 1839.

Dr Jayne—Dear Sir: I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine I have ever tried.
Very respectfully yours,
S. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

☞ *Asthma cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.*—Miss Mary Campbell, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen years continuance, by the use of *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant.* She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, and requested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

We can here only add the names of a few out of the many hundreds, who have used and recommended these valuable preparations, viz:—

Rev. Dr. Going, President of Granville College, Ohio.
Professor H. K. Green, Charlestown, Mass.
Rev. G. W. Eaton and Rev. J. S. Maginnes, Professors in the Hamilton (N. Y.) Literary and Theological Institution.
Rev. C. C. Park, late of Haddonfield, N. J.; Rev. Dr. Wm. Bacon, Dividing Creek, N. J.; Rev. John C. Harrison, Bordentown, N. J.; Rev. C. J. Hopkins, Bridgeton, N. J.
Rev. Ira M. Allen, N. Y.; Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, do.; Rev. John Ellis, do.; Rev. John Peck, Cazenovia, do.
Rev. J. W. Sawyer, Shaftsbury, Vt.
Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, Darlington, Pa.
Rev. Wm. Lowe, Modest Town, Va.
Rev. Wm. Lewis, Ordinary of South Carolina.
Dr. M. L. Knapp, Late Physician to the Baltimore Dispensary.
Rev. John Hall Ridley, Pa.; Rev. Wm. Hall, Berwick, do.
Rev. J. A. Wadsworth, Providence, R. I.
Rev. A. Parker, Delaware county, Pa.
Rev. R. D. Owen, Madison, Ia.
Rev. M. J. Rhees, Wilmington, Del.
Late Rev. T. J. Kitts, Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph Bannig, do.; Nicholas Harris, Esq., do.; Mary Gill, do.; Rev. F. Ketchum, do.
Rev. James O. Rogers, Somerset Co., N. J.

ALL THE ABOVE VALUABLE MEDICINES ARE PREPARED ONLY BY DR. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA. A discount of 25 per cent will be made for cases to those who buy to sell again from the retail prices. No new agencies will be made. All letters must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.

No charge for advice to any one calls at his Office—All are